

# The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1677. Established 1869.

London: 25 June 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

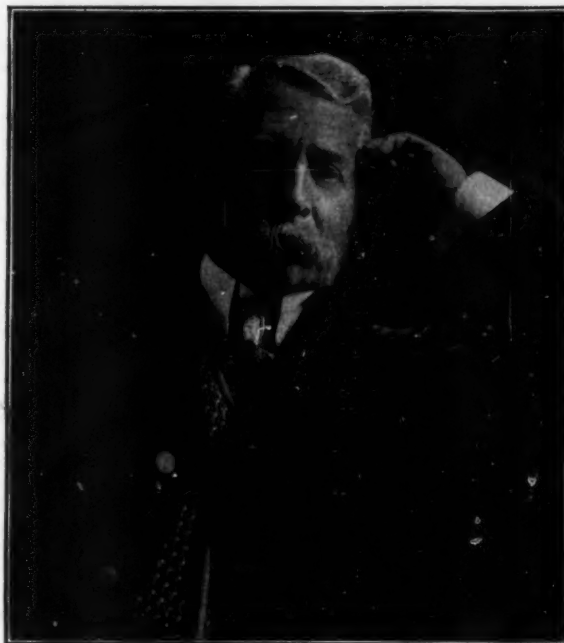
## Literary Notes

**T**HE Spring publishing season may be said to be over and publishers and booksellers alike describe it as one of the worst ever known in the bookselling trade. Many publishers have held over important books to the autumn, rather than send them forth now to meet with almost certain failure. Many reasons are given for this bad time, but no one apparently is brave enough to allege that possibly the books are at fault. For my part I think that this season's books have on the whole been quite up to the average, and that the causes for depression must be looked for elsewhere. There is a war, at a distance it is true, but nevertheless disquieting, and there are persistent rumours of an approaching general election, an event looked on as certainly disastrous to the selling of books.

THERE is one cause hinted at by many publishers and booksellers, it is pointed out that the large sums, thousands of pounds, still being paid as monthly instalments by purchasers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" cannot but reduce the amount of money which the public are willing to expend upon books. In addition to this there are more general reasons. A very large section of the public—too large—are learning to depend upon the daily paper not only for news, but for general reading as well; then the number of weekly papers of all sorts, from the expensive illustrateds down to the cheap tit-bitty papers, is always increasing, with the result that the appetite for reading matter is cloyed and depraved. Also, I cannot but believe that the constant stream of sixpenny reprints of good fiction and other matter has an evil effect upon the sale of new books which cost from 6s. upward. It is but human nature to be content with buying twelve well-known books for the price of one. Take the case of fiction, a family going away for its summer travels desires a supply of novels, its demand is catered for and satisfied by the numerous reprints spread all over the bookstalls—what chance have new books beside these cheap issues of old favourites—old favourites and new? There is little profit for any one in the sixpenny reprint sold at fourpence halfpenny.

AGAIN I understand that more ambitious reprints, nicely bound, printed and often illustrated, are in very many cases selling very well indeed, which is matter for congratulation as it seems to show that there is still a large demand for really good literature. But it must be remembered that the book-buying money of the

public is limited, and that if the supply of books exceeds the demand some publishers and some authors and many booksellers must suffer from the over-production.



MR. FRANKFORT MOORE

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

BUT even when all these points have been taken into consideration, and weighty as some of them are, the state of affairs has not been entirely explained, the causes of the depression have not all been found. I think myself that the increase of newspaper and magazine reading is the root of the evil; the general public are in a hurry over their reading as over other matters, this is an age of doing all things in the quickest possible way, and to rush through the papers and a magazine or two absorbs all the time devoted by the average man to reading. Lastly there are the public lending libraries, which supply a very large public with all the literature required. And for the remedies—? Well, if I made suggestions I should doubtless be reminded of the proverb of the shoemaker and his last; so I will refrain.

HERE is some good fun from the very interesting Ruskin letter in "The Atlantic Monthly":

"Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Johnas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamise some new roads to Heaven with broken fools' heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade; I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways, *πλάγως* (what a fellow that Aristophanes was! and yet to be always wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country. Did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the Earth?) Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for. I get melancholy—oversleep myself—get pains in the back—don't know what to do in anywise. What with that infernal invention of steam, and gunpowder, I think the fools may be a puff or barrel or two too many for us. Nevertheless, the gunpowder has been doing some work in China and India."

In "The North American Review" there is a striking article by Mr. Hugh Clifford on "The Genius of Mr. Joseph Conrad," from which the following is a quotation:

"It was in 1894 that Mr. Conrad was seized, suddenly and inexplicably, by a desire to rest. Almost from boyhood he had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, had 'labored in mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar': now for a little space he would be idle, and would live ashore. Accordingly, he took lodgings somewhere in the Vauxhall Bridge Road—the 'long, unlovely street' from which poor James Thomson, looking forth, beheld the woeful vision of 'The City of Dreadful Night'—and made up his mind that for six whole months he would live indolently out of sight of the sea. He speedily discovered that idleness was very hard work. A toiler from his youth upward, inaction such as this irked him sorely; yet his pride would not suffer him to return to the sea which called to him so loudly. He had promised himself six months ashore, and six whole months he would spend on the dry land. But how fill this aching void of empty, useless hours? Then the spirit which had led him from the beginning, though he had been unconscious of its guiding hand, whispered in his ear. 'Write!' it commanded, 'Write!' He had just finished an engagement which had taken him, month in and month out, from Singapore to the ports of the east coast of Borneo. The impression of that island and of many of the men and women who lived there was fresh in his mind. Picture after picture, portrait after portrait rose up upon the retina of his memory, jostling one another, clamoring to be painted as he, he suddenly felt, alone could paint them. Material in abundance, unsought, but garnered unconsciously during many years, time, opportunity—all were his. An overpowering impulse to use these things was upon him, for genius, like murder, will out; so now, at the age of thirty-

eight, the long period of probation and apprenticeship was ended, and Mr. Joseph Conrad had come to his own at last."

THE forthcoming double section of the Oxford English Dictionary, which has been prepared by Mr. W. A. Craigie, includes upwards of 3,000 words recorded between *reactively* and *rec*. This portion contains comparatively few words of native origin, but some of these are of considerable importance and interest. The adjective *red*, the specific applications of which have involved much research, occupies twenty-one and a half columns. The number of illustrative quotations in this section is 16,156, or 14,551 more than in the next most liberally-furnished dictionary.

VOLUME LXVII. of "The Century Magazine" makes a brave show, particularly in the matter of illustrations, the colour printing in many cases being especially fine. Of the literary contents the most striking items are the "Thackeray Letters to the Baxters," "Italian Villas and their Gardens" by Edith Wharton, and the contributions by Maurice Maeterlinck, Ernest Thompson Seton, "Maarten Maartens" and Dr. Weir Mitchell. A goodly magazine of good things.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHNIGER have made plans for "A Dictionary of Indian Biography," to include brief lives of all men and women who have distinguished themselves in that country since its government lapsed from the hands of the East India Company. It need scarcely be said that properly carried out such a work will be a valuable addition to our reference libraries.

## Bibliographical

**I**GATHER that there is to be a "celebration" of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Why that incident should be "celebrated" I do not know; and I feel sure that if Hawthorne himself could be consulted in the matter he would be the first to deprecate the performance. One can fancy his shade suffering acutely (if a shade can suffer) at the mere spectacle of the volumes written on the subject of his life and work. So super-sensitive a nature as his could hardly rejoice in praise or in demonstrations of any kind. He has been made to write, in a sense, his own autobiography in the shape of the "American Note-Books" of 1868, the "English Note-Books" of 1870, and the "French and Italian Note-Books" of 1871. Here, no doubt, we get at the man as he really was; but how about the memoirs by his son, by M. D. Conway, by Henry James, by J. T. Fields, by "H. A. Page," by G. E. Woodberry—the "Study" by G. P. Lathrop, the "Memories" by Rose Lathrop and the "Personal Recollections" of Horatio Bridge? All of these, whether of American or of English origin, have been published in our midst and perused with interest.

This country, indeed, has always shown a keen appreciation of Hawthorne. Not only has it received with gratitude such of his books (separately or in complete editions) as American publishers chose to send over; it has printed countless editions of its own manufacture, or, at least, with its own imprimatur. So far as I can discover, the first of Hawthorne's books acclimated by us was "Fanshawe," which appeared

anonymously in 1828, when he was only twenty-four. Then came "Twice-Told Tales" (1849), "The Scarlet Letter" (1851), "The House with the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Snow Image and Other Tales" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1852), "Transformation" (1860), "Our Old Home" (1863), "Pansie" (1864), "A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls" (1867), and so on. Of late years certain of Hawthorne's works have been reprinted very frequently. There were no fewer than five reprints of "The Scarlet Letter" last year, and there were two in 1901. Last year there were two reprints both of the "Wonder-Book" and of "Tanglewood Tales"; and "The House with the Seven Gables" and the "Twice-Told Tales" were both reprinted.

Judging from the number and nature of the reprints I have been able to trace, those books by Hawthorne which have been most popular in England are—after "The Scarlet Letter"—"The House with the Seven Gables" (of which there has been a new edition this year), the "Tanglewood Tales," the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Wonder-Book." Among the most notable of the illustrated English reprints of Hawthorne are those of "Our Old Home" in 1890 (with photogravures), the "Wonder-Book" in 1892 (Walter Crane), "The Scarlet Letter" in 1897 (T. H. Robinson), "The House with the Seven Gables" in 1897 (F. H. Townsend), "The Blithedale Romance" in 1898 (Townsend), and "Colonial Stories" in 1898 (F. T. Merrill).

A bibliographical interest attaches to the new edition, just issued, of Canon Ainger's "Letters of Charles Lamb." This work first came out in March 1888, and was reprinted in the same year, in 1891 and in 1897. In 1898 appeared Mr. Lucas' "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," and by arrangement with the publishers of that book the new Lamb letters contained in it were included in Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Lamb's works published in two forms in 1900. These forms were—one in six volumes at thirty shillings, and one in twelve volumes at six guineas. Messrs. Macmillan now reproduce in their Eversley Series the Lamb Letters as presented in 1900, plus some twenty hitherto unpublished letters addressed to John Rickman, of the House of Commons. I must confess to a special liking for Canon Ainger's editions of the Letters, for the reason that he has excluded the merely trivial and banal. No letter is worth printing which has not in it something characteristic or informing. Trifling notes and notelets are not wanted.

It is pleasant to be able to acquire Calverley's "Verses, Translations and Flyleaves" in one pocket volume at half a crown net. The issue of such a volume is a further sign of the genuine popularity of Calverley, which was attested two years ago by the issue of his "Complete Works" in a six-shilling volume. There are in existence, by the way, editions both of "Verses and Translations" and of "Flyleaves" at one shilling net each. This, perhaps, is a still more significant tribute to Calverley's vogue. There were editions of the "Verses and Flyleaves" and of the "Translations into English and Latin" in 1896. The "Literary Remains" were published in 1885; the "Complete Works," originally, in 1888. The "Verses and Translations" came out first in 1862; the "Flyleaves" in 1871.

The newly-issued abridgment of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" will no doubt have its readers, though, personally, I think the interest of the "Noctes" is historic rather than living. It will be remembered that the late Sir John Skelton brought out a selection from the

work which he entitled "The Comedy of the Noctes." Of this there was an edition in 1888, the latest with which I am acquainted. In 1888 also there was a "popular"



THE HON. MISS MONCKTON

(By Sir Joshua Reynolds)

[Illustration from "A Later Pepys" (Lane)]

edition of the "Noctes." I trust it was "popular"; but I doubt whether even in Scotland there is much demand for the ancient humours of "the Shepherd."

THE BOOKWORM.

The July "Independent Review" will open with "A Minimum Standard of Life," by Mr. Sidney Webb. Professor Goldwin Smith will contribute a paper on "Lines of Religious Enquiry," and the Rev. A. D. Lilley will reply to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's articles on "Religion and Revelation." Mr. J. A. Spender, Editor of the "Westminster Gazette," will discuss "The Confusion of Politics," and Mr. Ralph Neville, K.C., "The First Garden City Company." Among the other contributions to the number may be mentioned: "On History," by the Hon. Bertrand Russell; "The Neutrality of China," by Mr. A. M. Latter; "The Poems of George Meredith," by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan; and "The American West," by Mr. F. C. Howe.



## Reviews

## Peppis, Peps or Peeps

A LATER PEPPS. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM WELLER PEPPYS, BART., MASTER IN CHANCERY, 1758-1825. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Alice C. C. Gaussen. 2 vols. (Lane. 32s. net.)

It would be vain to question the propriety of the title of Miss Gaussen's acceptable and most beautifully printed and illustrated volumes, for Sir William Weller Pepys, Baronet, actually was a later Pepys. To imagine, however, that he owes this designation to his having in any measure perpetuated the spirit of his immortal namesake and family connection, though not ancestor, the Pepys of the unique Diary, would be to prepare a very considerable disappointment. Samuel Pepys was one of those rare memoirists whose charm and worth consist not merely in the delineation of the society around them, but even more in the vividness of their self-portraiture. For such an achievement the man must himself be interesting, and an object of sympathy alike in his failings and his virtues. Sir William Pepys complies with this requisite in neither respect; his failings do not appear at all, and his virtues, real, solid, and self-rewarding, are not of a kind to evoke enthusiastic sympathy. His correspondence, consequently, is chiefly interesting for the insight it affords into the society of which he was a member for nearly seventy years, and in this point of view its value is not inconsiderable. It might at first be thought that Miss Gaussen had published too copiously; but, in fact, when a correspondence is devoid of eloquence or brilliancy or exciting narrative of any kind, then, paradoxical as this may appear, it should be printed complete if it is to be printed at all. The effect consists in no particular passages, but in the total impression, the sense of atmosphere, and the general feeling that we are being introduced into the very society in which the writer moved, and taking it with all its commonplace as well as with all its attractive features. An eclectic treatment of material would destroy this impression.

Sir William Pepys, born in 1740, was the son of a banker, and brother of Sir Lucas Pepys, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the father of a Lord Chancellor and a Bishop of Worcester. A more fortunate man in external circumstances throughout his long life, which extended to 1825, it would not be easy to find, placed at an early period in an honourable and lucrative office which imposed no particular strain upon his moderate capacity, happy in every domestic relation, and enjoying the universal good opinion, including his own. Yet in his early years he suffered so greatly from hypochondria that, with all his piety and orthodoxy, he found himself unable to return thanks for his own existence. He is, perhaps, now chiefly remembered as a victim of the rudeness of Dr. Johnson, which he encountered with tact and forbearance, and gained the respect of his formidable opponent. "Now," said Johnson afterwards, "is Pepys gone home hating me, who love him better than I did before. He spoke in defence of his dead friend; but though I hope I spoke better, who spoke against him, yet all my eloquence will gain me nothing but an honest man for my enemy." Another time he said of Pepys, "I knew the dog was a scholar, but that he had so much taste and so much knowledge I did not know."

Though not a man of eminent parts, Pepys certainly was a man of culture, and his epistolary style improved much after he had tried his prentice hand upon his first friend, William Franks, to whom he addressed eighty-one letters especially aiming at the improvement of his mind, "which are," says the editor, "from their long-winded sentences, most difficult to decipher, and reflect great credit on the patience of the recipient." But how does she know that Franks did read them? He had no one by him to reduce them by three-fourths, as is here done for the patient reader's behoof. Sir William's letters to Hannah More are much better. They begin in 1783, and, after a long break, are continued till nearly the end of his life. One observation, made in 1824, is really smart: "Imagination has till lately been such a scarce commodity in Germany that now that they have got it they don't know what to do with it." Sir Lucas Pepys records his grand tour in Italy. Major Rennell's letters are chorographic, as becometh the geographer; and the liveliness of Wraxall's epistles justifies the anticipation raised by his memoirs. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Hartley are terribly didactic, but all the more characteristic of the style and taste of the time. Such letters could not now be had for love or money. Their solemnity is relieved by the editor's lively sketch of the English *salon* in the eighteenth century, including the anecdote of the deaf lady who carried an assortment of ear trumpets about her, and was herself obliged by a friend with a selection of *silver ears*. The editorial work is well done throughout, but the most striking features of the book are its typographical elegance and its copious and admirable illustration, equally successful whether recording beauties like Cecilia Bosanquet, eminent men like David Hartley, whose semblances are now unfamiliar, districts like Hanover Square, whose appearance has undergone mutation, or such curiosities as the sampler worked by Mary Pepys in A.D. 1747.

R. GARNETT.

## A. C. S.

THE POEMS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. In Six volumes. Vol. I. Poems and Ballads. First Series. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

MESSRS. Chatto & Windus have at last presented us with the first volume of that which all poetic students—nay, all lovers of literature—have long desired; namely, a collected library edition of Mr. Swinburne's poetical works. Well printed, on good paper, and at a reasonable price, the first volume gives promise of an excellent edition. Its value is increased by a Preface from Mr. Swinburne, addressed to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which he reviews the general series of his poems. Long and inevitably not without interest though this prefatory letter be, it is less interesting than might have been expected. Certainly it has not the supreme interest which one would beforehand have attached to a great poet's mature survey of his life's work. So much is there which Mr. Swinburne alone might have told us; so much on which we should eagerly have welcomed his personal point of view. But we get little of it all; and little of the self-criticism which a poet (like Mr. Swinburne) who is also a critic might with such peculiar illuminativeness have given us. On the whole it is rather pleasant and slightly discursive chat about his work. Concerning the present famous and revolutionary volume of "Poems and Ballads" he has little more to say than that the critics



were woefully astray as to the personal or fanciful element in the book. "Imaginary" poems they unanimously pronounced personal; completely personal poems they viewed as fantasies. Which is like enough, but not of much interest to lovers of poetry. For the rest, perhaps the most interesting statements are that Victor Hugo described "Bothwell" as an epic drama; and the declaration that "when I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull, or the Black Friars," even as Charles Lamb (Mr. Swinburne reminds us) "wrote for antiquity." It is interesting, too, to have Mr. Swinburne's emphatic declaration for the Greek and formal treatment of the Ode as the one lawful treatment. There is the statement that the "Forsaken Garden" and its kindred poems were inspired by "the supreme desolation of the ruins of Dunwich," and there is a characteristically fine and Swinburnean passage on these and the descriptive poems in general. But as a whole Mr. Swinburne, like many poets, is especially concerned with and especially loquacious regarding those poems which make least appeal to the greater part of his admirers; the plays, the political poems and the "Tristram of Lyonesse."

Concerning these, the first series of "Poems and Ballads," what in this day remains to be said? "Atalanta in Calydon" is greater; but beyond even that brilliant poem this volume is representative. It contains his most rich, various and personal work; it is an epitome of Swinburne. There are poems such as the "Triumph of Time," which are perhaps most characteristically Swinburnean: suggesting brocades and gold-tissued cloths, heavy with far-brought scents. There are lyrics of wind-like lightness, such as the exquisite "Itylus." There is the pathetic lyric in which the poet takes leave of his songs. There are poems breathing Baudelaire and poems breathing the Hebrew prophets. There are the too-famous fleshly poems. And in all guises remains something which is Swinburne, and none else. It is, we repeat, the epitome of Swinburne.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

### Indian Ink

HARRY FURNISS AT HOME. Written and illustrated by himself. (Unwin. 16s. net.)

It has been said by some wag that caricature is a nasty remark in Indian ink. And in taking rank as a caricaturist we are bound to allow Mr. Furniss a certain amount of acidity. But he, like most Englishmen of the lampooning tendency, uses a pretty coloured ink for his spites, and the acid is not very biting. It should perhaps be said, before taking Mr. Harry Furniss' new book in detail, that his literary power is not by any means equal to his sketching or his talk—he is one of those men who ought to be set talking whilst a shorthand reporter is started to work upon him when he has warmed to his business. Yet there are in this book some patches of writing that show a fine restraint, a very vivid pen, and a trenchant clean-cut style that it would be difficult to overpraise. There is in particular one little gem—the description of a prize-fight—that is told with rare art and convincingness and precision. It is just the subject that would have tempted one of Henley's "young men" to write a coarse and pedantic piece of prose; but we are given

the fight, I mean "contest," in a few words that are most happily chosen, so that we watch almost breathlessly the splendid athlete Slavin being outmanœuvred



THE JUDGMENT OF THE PLASTER OF PARIS

(By Sir Edwin Burne-Jones. From my Royal Academy "An Artistic Joke")

[Illustration from "Harry Furniss at Home" (Unwin)]

and outstayed by the black fighter Jackson; we see that dark worthy stand through Slavin's awful punishment of him, until the tide turns and he gets the "auctioneer" (right hand) home at last and "makes a chopping block" of Slavin's bewildered "thinking-piece." The thing is set down with a mastery over words that might have made Mr. Harry Furniss a fine writer, had he begun early enough to train his writing-

pen as he has trained his drawing-pen, perhaps the most difficult and rigid tool that the artist has ever been called upon to handle. By the way, Mr. Furniss tells the story of the inspecting general who snatched the rifle from the recruit and firing at the target, made an "outer"—"That is the way *you* shoot," said the general with masterly calm. But when he next fires and says "That is the way *I* shoot," Mr. Furniss must make him hit the "bull" not the "target," in future editions.

The caricaturist's chapter on Max O'Rell is the best piece of observation in the book. His comparison of Max O'Rell with Du Maurier rings true and deep-sighted. It is wholly right. I do not think that Mr. Furniss' pen does, as a rule, set down men in all their facets; but in this case the picture of the two men is convincing and happy. However, to me the book is most interesting in that it gives a picture of the man himself in a way that he perhaps least of any suspects. Reading between the lines we catch some of the reasons for his successes, and get a hint at times for his failures. But Mr. Furniss can afford to laugh at the slight rebuffs of Dame Fortune, for he has made a success of nearly every talent that he has attempted to polish. He is not of those who hide their talent in a napkin and bury it.

HALDANE MACFALL.

### Charm and Power

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). (Burns & Oates. 2s.)

POSSIBLY St. Paul's closing of the pulpits of Christendom to women has had something to do with the general contempt into which preaching has fallen. The written rather than the spoken word now prevails; and nobody would deny to Mrs. Craigie's moving little discourse an influence for good which no single effort of pulpit eloquence could hope to achieve. St. Paul was all things to all men; but Mrs. Craigie's charm and power lie in the fact that she is all things, not only to all men, but to all women and children as well. Even in her dearest concern—that of putting forward St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, as a great master—perhaps the great master—of the Science of Life—even there she will allow a child's objections:

"St. Ignatius saw the whole world as a battlefield, and men serving under two standards, the Standard of Christ and the Standard of the Devil . . . I told this parable to a child not long ago, and she said 'I see you have very old-fashioned ideas.'"

The note of sweetness and sanity which this passage strikes is typical. "I do not think we pay enough attention to the views of the young," she boldly announces with an accompanying hope that she alarms not "kind parents and guardians." She knows the young with the full understanding that means full forgiveness:

"The young may pay a great price for their amusements; yet, let it be always remembered, they pay it without a murmur; they pay sweetly and patiently for their little dances and finery; they make their sacrifices cheerfully; they have an instinctive philosophy which they cannot formulate; but when the pains and responsibilities of life surprise them they show, as a rule, a courage which puts professional sufferers to shame."

Who that knows the young girls of the period but will recognise the delicately touched portrait—which is all the more moving because it is so moderate?

"They will have amusement," she proceeds to say; "they marry for love; they fall in love and out of it; they do not think enough about their souls; and they take their bodies for granted; they spend every penny they can get." (Not all of them even that!) "They do not consider the morrow; and, when they read, they often read novels which are to the experienced grotesque. They are tiresome when they are asked to follow the Meditations of St. Ignatius"—

But here we are brought to a standstill, for this tiresomeness must seem to be ours, and with no condoning youth to cover it. Mrs. Craigie's main thesis is the superiority of the psychology of Ignatius Loyola over that of Tolstoi; and we have left it to follow her in one of her own byways. Her book is, in effect, a reply to the daily question: "Where do I come in?" The reply must be sought for in her own pages; and there also will be found a sweetness and light rarely associated with the eager missionary spirit that is hers.

### The Prose of Italy

ITALY: A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS INSTITUTIONS. By Professor W. Deecke. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. Illustrated. (Sonnenschein. 15s.)

GERMANY has taken possession of Italy in many ways, through its invaders, its emperors, its poets, and its dreamers. Professor Deecke has made the Apennine Peninsula his own by a study of its geology, its hydrography, its climate and soil, its conditions: economic, political and social—in truth a survey of all the forces and elements which have entered into its development. With the modern recognition of the sea as the great shaping power in history, the book opens with a chapter "On the Surrounding Seas" before consideration of "The Relief of the Country." The study of the physical conditions of the peninsula is admirable: its mountain ranges and river systems, and the relations of both to its climate, soil and products. The volume is as detailed as a Government Blue Book, with such ingathering and classification of facts as is possible only to the Teutonic mind. The chapter on "Products" is as definite as a Consular Report, giving full statistics as to mineral deposits: its chief wealth being in zinc, lead, iron and sulphur extracted from its gypsum beds. Italy is rich in marbles and building stones, volcanic tufa or travertine, limestone, granite, lavas and clay adapted to the potter's art and so significant of the history of centuries, through amphoræ, tiles and bas-reliefs revealed through the archaeological excavations. But the country is poor in coal, which retards the development of its industries, and it lacks extensive forests, though with great growth of brushwood. All cereals are grown and great variety of leguminous vegetables. The Spanish chestnut is largely cultivated and used both for peasant bread and as a substitute for the potato. The fruits vary from the apple, pear and cherry of the North to the lemons, oranges and melons of the South. The almond, with its pink flush across the hill, and the olive, whose silver-grey foliage clouds the slopes, are among important crops. The prosperity of Italy is largely dependent upon its vineyards and its wines, beloved of poets from the Falernian of Horace to Paul Bourget's flask of Chianti. Space fails to touch upon the cattle, the dairy products, the fisheries, the silk-culture and the coral and pearl industries. In the chapters on "Geology," "Hydrography" and "Climate," the rock formations, the volcanoes, the recurrence of earthquakes, the river courses, the crater-lakes, the subterranean streams, the action of tides and winds are all studied both as to their



origin and effects. A condensed but comprehensive sketch is given of the history of Italy from the earliest Greek colonies to the Triple Alliance. The development of Imperial Rome, its decadence, the political vicissitudes of the country through invasions and alien governments, the internecine wars of the mediæval City Republics, the Bourbon, Napoleonic, Spanish and Austrian dynasties are all outlined, and the revolutions which led to Italian independence and unity. Only in the chapter on "The Church and Public Worship" does the author betray German and Protestant prejudices.

In "Art, Language and Science" there is a review of the evolution of architecture under Greek, Gothic and Arab influences, of the schools of painting of Florence, Umbria, Padua and Venice, and of the decay of the art of sculpture under the late Roman Emperors and its renaissance in the Tuscan artists of the fourteenth century. The study of literature is too sketchy to have much value, covering the field from the classical authors to the writers of to-day. The author has a scholarly interest in little known dialect comedies and poems, Venetian, Piedmontese and Sicilian, but is curiously careless in his estimate of modern writers, as when he sees in that cruelly hard, realistic Matilde Serao a representative of "a too flowery, bombastic speech," and in Gabriele d'Annunzio, that dreamer in death-scented gardens, "an author of realistic romances." Italy is the home of music and the drama, but space fails for any consideration of the development of these arts, both natural languages to the Latin race. The chapter on "Topography" gives the physical features of the various provinces: the fertile plain of Lombardy, the lagoons, dunes and islands of Venetia, the folded hills of Tuscany rich with vines, olives and mulberries, "Green Umbria," a land of mountains and elevated valleys, Latium, the world's battle-field, Campania called "Felix," the home of the Greek colonies beneath the menace of active volcanoes, and Sicily, that island of memories, so swept into the swirl of world currents.

The author, in his survey of the political history of Italy, is optimistic in his outlook to the future and believes in the strength of the young kingdom to hold her position among the Great Powers of Europe. As a book of reference this volume is invaluable from its fulness of information on all subjects relating to the growth, conditions and possibilities of Italy; but this is Italy in the prose of products, exports, imports and statistics. The only touch of poetry is in the span of wide-horned oxen on the cover—such with soft brown eyes are met, dragging primæval waggons on dusty Campagna roads.

L. STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

**THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.** By Paul Wernle. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann, and edited, with an introduction, by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. Vol. II. The Development of the Church. Theological Translation Library. Vol. XVII. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

ROUGHLY speaking, the age of which in this second volume Professor Wernle treats is an age of anonymity and of second-rate minds.

In the New Testament he discerns two strata. The older comprises the Synoptists, the genuine Paul and the Apocalypse. These are the oldest written sources that remain to us, and even in them we have the testimony of no eye-witness. Even Mark is "entirely the product of the faith of the Church." Nevertheless in these documents may be discerned the genuine persons of Jesus and of Paul. And of the second

stratum the Gospel of John is the most important. Its author the German Professor discerns "standing like a general on a watch-tower." "At his feet he beholds the hosts of the Jews, the Greeks, and in his own camp the Gnostics. He forms a clear conception of the position of each of them and issues plain commands how each is to be met." The main achievement of its author is that he bridged over the chasm between Jesus and Paul: he carried the Pauline gospel into the life and teaching of Jesus. As Jesus is Paulinised by John, so by the remainder of the books that constitute the second stratum (Acts, the Pastoral Epistles, 1 Peter, and 1 John) is Paul catholicised. For the age of the Christian prophets had passed; from Judaism had been appropriated the notion of a chosen people; from Rome the principle of centralisation and order; and by the end of the first century the foundations of hierarchical jurisdiction were laid. Ignatius, conscious of his own prophetic gifts, could go on to claim for his brethren in the episcopacy a like portion as a part of the ordinary *charisma* of the office. Judaism, Hellenism and Gnosticism, these, as he indicates in his description of the Fourth Gospel, were the three great rivals which in the end the newly organised Church made contributories to her deposit of faith. Not only its ecclesiasticism but its ethics, its apologetics and something of its apocalyptic fancies, were the contribution of the first. From the Greek philosophy came the negative (or, rather, privative) attributes of deity—a notable advance upon the cruder conceptions of the Jewish mind that could rejoice in the theophanies; from the same source also was crystallised the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus, an idea never to be reconciled with the Jewish monotheism. Finally, though Gnosticism was crushed, Christianity in some sort owes to the Gnostics the element of intellectual orthodoxy essential to the Catholic idea of Christian faith. But to Professor Wernle, though Catholicism is in the straight line of development from primitive Christianity, Christianity is fundamentally a redemption; and a review of Christian piety in sub-apostolic times closes this second stage of his account of the "Beginnings."

The history, to anyone who either has an open mind on the subject of which it treats or, setting aside cherished convictions, can rejoice in ingenious guesswork, is full of fascination. The argument is clearly propounded and strikingly illustrated from sacred and apocryphal literature.

## Fiction

**THE APPRENTICE.** By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Hutchinson, 6s.) Mrs. Stepney Rawson is a novelist who always has something interesting to write and who writes it in a conscientious cultured manner. Perhaps she is a little too conscientious and painstaking, her story is apt in parts to suggest a straining effort that robs it of its spontaneity. But "The Apprentice" is very workmanlike, and written with a careful regard to words and detail that mark it out from the flood of ephemeral literature of the present day. It is a tragedy laid in the picturesque old town of Rye of a hundred years ago, and concerns itself with the doings of William Malines, boat builder, his daughter, and the apprentice, Sterne Wildish. The introduction, which is, perhaps, a thought too long, is full of the spirit of the marshland. Sterne Wildish is a child of the marsh. "He understood completely that message of the marsh to the man who delights in it, comprehended the lapping of the air, the long fervent embrace of the green levels. . . . The marsh had played with the sea, as a woman with too robust and high-spirited



a lover, and he had gone away to spite her. Now she throbbed, and throbbed vainly, all of her, in spirit, turned to sea for sheer desire of the sea." It is an interesting picture of the life in old Rye town that the author paints. She tells us of William Malines' dream of Rye becoming a great port, of his fight to prevent the ruin of the marshes, and of his bitter hatred of the family of landowners who have always opposed his schemes. The story becomes exciting towards the end of the book, when the wreck of three persons' lives seems imminent. It is a fine story, well told.

**THE FOOLKILLER.** By Lucas Cleeve. (Unwin, 6s.) "Mea culpa!" So poor Claire Marchmont might have cried—did cry, as a matter of fact, in the closing pages of the diary which occupies most of this volume. All the sorrows of this sorrowful story spring from a sin and a folly of her own, and little by little she comes to realise the fact. The sin of her infidelity to her first husband and the folly of her marriage to her second, the "Foolkiller" of the title, a man not much more than half her age, are the mainsprings of the action of the book. We are sorry the author raised Claire by degrees from a "fool" to a thinking, reasoning, and suffering woman, only to make her commit suicide in the finish. We think she had risen to a height beyond the possibility of seeking such an end to her own troubles, and her sacrifice proves futile, after all. There is one great truth shown in these pages, and that is the utter impossibility of our being able to confine the effects of our actions, good or bad, to our own lives only; for all our deeds others must suffer or rejoice with us. The character-drawing is clear and well defined, and the people are real—"The Foolkiller" is very real indeed, so is "Claire," the last "fool," we may hope, who falls a victim to his wiles—yet, who knows? His plans have certainly "gang agley" when this volume ends, but it is quite possible that before long Rupert Cunliffe would be figuring in another woman's diary.

**THE QUEEN'S QUAIR.** By Maurice Hewlett (Macmillan, 6s.) Mary Queen of Scots after the death of her first husband, King Francis of France, married her cousin, Lord Darnley. This same Darnley, in a fit of jealousy, caused her favourite secretary, Rizzio, to be murdered, whereupon the Queen gave rein to her early passion for the Earl of Bothwell, who murdered Darnley and married Mary. Soon after a just fate sent Mary to the block for plotting against Queen Elizabeth. Mary was a Catholic. Such is the history of Mary Queen of Scots that we learn in our schooldays, and if ever we approach the subject again it is with a strong prejudice against her; but for those who read Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new book, "The Queen's Quair," such a prejudice will vanish ere the end of the first chapter be reached. The book is an artistic triumph; it is no mere presentation of facts which may be exaggerated into fables; it is a dramatic representation of a Queen dethroned by the woman's heart which beat beneath her regal garments. It vibrates with those life-enhancing qualities which are the essence of true art. In following the dire tragedy enacted therein, we wander into the region of the might-have-been had John Knox declared his love for the Queen; we feel the weight of a crown when, overcome by remorse for allowing herself to cherish an affection outside the purple, Mary gives her hand in marriage to Lord Darnley; our sympathy goes out to her when the Italian singer is murdered. How we long to lift the scales from her eyes when, blinded by her love for Bothwell, she risks her crown, her reputation, her happiness, her very life, for his worthless affection! In the intensely dramatic scene between the Queen and Lady Bothwell, whom the Earl visited as a lover after he had discarded her as a wife, we realise to the full the power of hatred and of love, and the personal magnetism of Mary. The story abounds in psychological insight, vivid colouring, and atmospheric effects. "The Queen's Quair" is not a volume to be taken out of the library; it is a book to buy and to possess.

**THE GREAT PROCONSUL.** By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood, 6s.) In "The Great Proconsul" we have a subject of singular interest treated by a writer who has

earlier proved her power in dramatic incident and convincing characterisation. It is with unusual regret, therefore, that the critic is compelled to pronounce this painstaking study an artistic failure. It is not by such a domestic chronicle, interspersed with political dissertations, that Sydney Grier can accomplish her purpose of refuting Macaulay's trenchant attacks. The form chosen for her defence of Warren Hastings is not fortunate, though it exhibits her cleverness in the high-flown eighteenth-century diction. Hester Ward, an inmate of the Governor-General's household, and the narrator of his achievements and disappointments, is a very colourless individual, and her personal story, while it fails to grip the reader's sympathy strongly, yet interferes with the historical narrative. As for the portraiture of Hastings himself, we hear much of his dealings with the native princes, his difficulties with his colleagues and the home authorities, and his long struggle with the vitriolic Philip Francis, of "Junius" notoriety. All this, however, is given chiefly as a matter of hearsay, as, later, at the famous trial, Mrs. Ward herself sees Hastings when he is talking sentiment to his "adored Marian" with somewhat ludicrous effect. The force of the man is never conveyed, and his much-lauded benignity grows tedious. Detailed, accurate, and verbose, Mrs. Ward's memoirs of her "revered patron" serve only to convince us that Mrs. Ward was singularly unfitted for the task she imposed on herself.

**LE DOCTEUR HARAMBUR.** Par J.-H. Rosny. (Plon-Nourrit, 3f.50.) **LE MARQUIS DE VALCOR** (Le Masque d'Amour). Par Daniel Lesueur. (Lemerre, 3f.50.) For those in search of recreation and distraction these two novels may be recommended. George Eliot would certainly have characterised them as "spiritual gin," but we assure our readers the spirit here is of the best quality. They are both stories of intrigue, bordering on melodrama, they make little demand on the intellect, are, however, interesting enough to force us to read them through, and have sufficient literary art to make their perusal a pleasure. The hero of Rosny's story is a man of science who tries his experiments first on animals and then on human beings. Having discovered that he can at will render a dog blind by the injection of a drug that induces paralysis of the optic nerve, and by an antidote restore his sight, at the instigation of his wife, the true villain of the piece, a terrible woman of the Basque race, he disables a man by the same means, and dies himself before he has time to tell any one of the method of cure. His son, however, searches among his father's papers and finds it. The action moves in an atmosphere of engine-factories and strikes, and minute technical knowledge is shown of the conditions under which machinery is manufactured in France, and we suppose elsewhere, at the present day. The love interest is weak, and though the cause of part of the intrigue, it is kept in the background. All the people are not bad, and the Bénése family, the chief partners in the factory, are pleasantly described. It seems strange that Mlle. Jeanne Loiseau, who writes under the pseudonym of Daniel Lesueur—things are better now, but a few years back women in France, unless they pretended to their publishers and their public that they were men, found it difficult to get their work noticed—who has produced an admirable translation of Byron, and is the author of one novel, "Invincible Charme," as delightful and artistic as any in the French language, should waste her talents in a tale of vulgar intrigue like the "Marquis de Valcor." It is only the first part of a somewhat thrilling and undoubtedly well-sustained story of an exceedingly clever imposture. We are never actually told that the hero is an impostor, we are only left to infer it. The marvellous skill with which he conducts his own affairs, his readiness (which is almost Falstaffian) in the most awkward situations, cannot but arouse our admiration, wicked and unscrupulous as we feel he is. The immense wealth which he acquired in South America helps him to achieve his desires. We confess that we eagerly look forward to the second part, and shall feel a little disappointed if the Marquis does not keep up his deception until the end. The women are less attractive than is usual with this author, but Micheline, the daughter (or perhaps not the daughter) of the Marquis, may later develop into a fine character.

## Short Notices

**LAURA BRIDGMAN, DR. HOWE'S FAMOUS PUPIL, AND WHAT HE TAUGHT HER.** By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall. (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) The authors of this book, the daughters of the devoted Boston physician whose work for the blind is famous, lament their father's failure to write a life of Laura Bridgman with his own hand. That failure was due to Dr. Howe's perpetual activity in the work he had undertaken. Blind children continued to be born, and blindness continued to fall upon those—happier or unhappier one hardly can guess—who knew what it was to see. And in the practical work of succouring them the psychological chronicle of the case of the child who was deaf, dumb, and blind, was never made by him who for a time gave himself to its intricate study. His daughters' book is not a psychological study; and the reader who is possibly, and probably, more interested in trying to imagine the state of a mind without the chief senses than in learning the precise method of opening up communications, does not gather very much on that puzzling question. Laura, the daughter of country farmers, who left her for some few years in the inaccessible solitude of her state, having none of the large leisure necessary for her rescue, was not born either blind or deaf; but she lost eyes and ears in so early a stage of infancy that the knowledge of the senses was probably forgotten, so that the facts of light and of form were unknown to her. But the reader stops persistently upon this "probably." Dr. Howe left his testimony to the effect that she was practically as one born without sight, hearing, or smell, when she recovered from the five months' violent illness that befell her at two years old. And it is quite possible that she never acquired language sufficiently subtle to answer the question which so presses on the reader's mind—Did she remember a thing seen, but Did she remember sight? The record of the poor child's reception into the circle of human association makes an interesting book; we pause especially upon the personal feminine modesty which was found to be literally innate, which had not to be taught, and the absence of which would have been the most dreadful tragedy of her condition. Dr. Howe made of her a happy woman, even though the day came when, in girlhood, she fell in love, and only with some difficulty was convinced that though universal kindness, ready friendship, and a virtually infinite patience were always at her disposal, love was not.

**A RUSSO-CHINESE EMPIRE.** An English version of "Un Empire Russo-Chinois." By Alexandre Ular. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.) The contents of this extremely interesting book divide themselves under two main headings—a description of Chinese civilisation, defending the Chinese against Western contempt, and an account of the processes by which the small oligarchy, who, according to the author, really direct the policy of Russia, have been able to annex for all practical purposes Mongolia and Manchuria with the ulterior aim of incorporating at least the north of China in the Russian Empire. It is a large subject, and M. Ular has treated it in an appropriately broad manner, and even if one may not entirely accept all his conclusions, there is no gainsaying the thoroughness of the work and the profundity of the author's knowledge of his subject. Beginning with an historical account of the origin and development of Russo-Chinese relations up to the treaty of Aigoun (1860), M. Ular traces the economic character of Russian expansion, the gravitation of the Empire towards China, the cause of Russo-Chinese intimacy, the principles of Chinese civilisation, the basis and difficulties of trade between China and the West, and the many other factors that go to make that extraordinary and menacing proposition—the China of to-day. Referring to the breaking off of official relations between Peking and Lhasa in 1892, the author makes a hit against Great Britain which is not altogether undeserved. He refers to "a serious blunder on the part of the English Government" when the British Government in India annexed the undoubtedly Thibetan

district of Lha-dak. The Dalai-Lama called upon the Emperor of China to intervene, but the Court of Peking, which had just been put in check by the Western Powers, was quite incapable of doing so. One of the results is the present Thibetan expedition. England then made a mortal enemy of the Dalai-Lama, "whose strength she did not suspect." We are now reaping the fruits of that episode. The modest translator of the book prefers to remain anonymous, but the work is so well done that it does not read like a translation at all. There is an excellent index.

**A MODERN BOEOTIA.** By Deborah Primrose. (Methuen, 6s.) This volume, which has for sub-title "Pictures from Life in a Country Parish," gives some of the experiences of the wife of a country parson in dealing with her bucolic neighbours. It forms a striking contrast to those volumes, so popular nowadays, in which only the delights of country life are depicted. Deborah Primrose has probably, nay, surely, all the appreciation of the beauty of nature that the most ecstatic of modern country enthusiasts can display. But her duties lie amongst an unimaginative, callous, irresponsible folk, who demand from her the full measure of attention that custom exacts from the parson's wife, and feel little impulse to repay her with kindness of word or even of thought, let alone action. Fortunately she is gifted with a very highly developed sense of humour, so that experiences that would reduce a less amply armed woman to frequent tears leave her only with the sensation of that something between tears and laughter which is close akin to both. The Demon, who conceived the original idea of stealing tulip bulbs from an infant's grave in order to sell them to the mother of the child as fresh decorations for the churchyard, is not the least amazing of the inhabitants of Snorum End. Remembering a familiar proverb, one would expect him to be capable of any enormity, and yet when all the choir boys go out on strike it is the Demon alone who refuses the bribe of the strikers and turns up in time for service. Was it from sheer heartlessness that the old woman of eighty-four, when her husband was being taken away to the infirmary, described him as a wicked old sinner? And was it pure lack of the filial idea that made it hopeless for the old grave-digger, bent double with rheumatism, to persuade his hale and hearty son to do his job for him one day even for a bribe of six shillings? One fears that the root of the trouble is that such teaching as these people get is mere parrot work; that nothing of their instruction is based on the idea of encouraging them to think, and to turn their thoughts through emotion into action. The unused reasoning powers become atrophied exactly as would an unemployed muscle. Here is a sample of a villager's attempt to write down what he knew of the life of St. John Baptist: "St. John the Baby was a prest and is cles made of kammer skin and he ad a leathern girgle about his weast and is mother Elizabeth and is father name John and food was lukes and wild honney from the rocks and a Angle came to John and said though shall beer a son and is father would not believe it and he was dome till he beer the son and his tongue was loosed and he spake. And John catched a marack-uas draft of fishes and Ponteous Pillipip killed im and ad is ed brought in for supper on a dish." But the unconscious distortion of scripture narrative is not confined to the villager, for one of the "children of the manse" asks, "Did 'Hazi get the spots because he was so naughty?" and on being answered, "Yes, my Book says so," replies, "Then I must be keerful."

**CORRESPONDANCE DE GEORGE SAND ET D'ALFRED DE MUSSET.** Par Félix Décori. (Bruxelles: E. Deman, 3f.50.) Quite appropriately to the centenary of that wonderful woman known variously as Armandine Lucile Aurore Dupin, or Madame Dudevant, or George Sand, comes this publication of the whole of her correspondence, *intégralement publiée pour la première fois d'après les documents originaux*, with the ill-fated Alfred de Musset. The duplicate signatures, "Aurore Dupin—George Sand," are attached to the deed whereby the original documents are given into the charge of M. Emile Aucante, with precise



directions as to their disposal and publication. M. Aucante in his turn handed them over (in March, 1903) to M. Félix Décori, who now issues the correspondence with the briefest comment and the minimum number of notes. The Sand—de Musset story is by this time old and trite, but none the less sad for that. Their natures were essentially dissimilar. He was nervous, impetuous, artistic; she was calm, domestic, industrious. De Musset summed up their respective characters when he wrote: "I have worked all day. In the evening I wrote ten lines and drank a bottle of brandy. She has drunk two litres of milk and has written half a volume." These letters, which, by the way, were deposited with the National Library of France exactly one month ago, throw no new light on the intimacy of the ill-assorted pair; de Musset is by turns fervid, peevish, and morose. Sand replies in that cool collected pseudo-reasonable manner which must have been terribly irritating to the highly-strung poet. The book contains some amusing portraits of the amorous pair drawn by de Musset's facile pen.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR, 1878-79-80: ITS CAUSES, ITS CONDUCT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Vol. II. (Constable, 15s. net.) This is the second volume of Colonel Hanna's history of the second Afghan War; the first volume dealt with the preliminaries of the war, and this volume merely goes down to the Treaty of Gandamak. As this treaty was followed by the murder of Cavagnari at Cabul, and this, again, by nearly all the serious fighting of the war, imagination shrinks from the number of volumes that the author will require to complete his work on the same scale. The bulk of this history is not in the least necessary. Numbers of rather unimportant despatches are copied at length, and an action fought by a small force, such as the combat on and about the Peiwar Kotal, takes up with its preliminaries three chapters. The condition and supplies of the various units of a force are given in a tabular form, pompously entitled "Etat de Situation"—which, as repeatedly explained, is a "technical phrase used by Napoleon to denote strength, position and condition of a Force"—the capital is Colonel Hanna's. Three lines of narrative would have held all the information of this list; but veterans have been garrulous, from Nestor onwards. The account of the details of the war is careful and laborious; but Colonel Hanna ought to have settled in his own mind whether he meant to write a political pamphlet or a military history. If the former, his elaborate and minute details are surplusage; if the latter, his accounts of the speeches made by Mr. Gladstone and others, of the Bishops and other ministers of religion who denounced the war, and of those who ought to have denounced it but did not, are mere irrelevance. The two fixed ideas of the author seem to be that the war was iniquitous and foolish, and that General Roberts displayed hardly any tolerable quality but personal courage. In fact, Colonel Hanna shows all the bias of Napier, on whom he would seem to have modelled himself, with none of the magnificent style of his original.

PHIL MAY IN AUSTRALIA. (Edwards, Dunlop, 21s. net.) The work in this fine volume was originally published in "The Bulletin" (Sydney). All collectors of Phil May's work will be glad to have this handsome volume, which contains many drawings which May never surpassed. May was a great craftsman, a great humorist, only lacking a touch of sentiment or pathos to have made him a great artist. The drawings in this selection display all his merits, and are additionally interesting as representing an earlier stage in his career than most of us are acquainted with. Some of the work here is far more detailed than any which he gave us in later years over here; he had not yet worked to a climax his famous method of "leaving out." It is difficult to decide which manner we like best, which is most effective; possibly the truth is that he did best when he suited his method to his matter. There is an unexpected touch of the sinister in some of the cartoons—but he was young then, and the young hit hard. An excellent enterprise excellently carried out.

## Reprints and New Editions

This week I have before me a varied collection of reprints, not one, however, without some interest. The first I take up is a GREEK TESTAMENT (British and Foreign Bible Society), with critical apparatus of great value. The text is in the main that published by the Bible Society of Würtemberg at Stuttgart in 1898; the notes and references are thorough. The printing (on thin paper) by the Cambridge University Press is, needless to say, admirable. Turning from grave to gay, here is the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ (Isbister, 3s. 6d. net), abridged, with an introduction by Mr. J. H. Millar, who counts the mighty Christopher North's work as a triumph of the "higher journalism." Shade of Professor Wilson, haunt me not, it was not I said this thing! Messrs. Isbister have done their share of the work excellently well. Then, what are these? James Grant—Captain Marryat! It was years and years ago, as the story-tellers have it, that first these names burst upon me; what delightful memories they now call up! It is indeed pleasant to meet such dear old friends, and with what bright new dresses Mr. Grant Richards has sent them forth into the world of schoolboys! (The Boys' Classics, 1s. net each.) Boys, forsooth! Who are they that they should monopolise these sweets! Perhaps, however, Mr. Grant Richards is catering for old boys as well as young—and girls, too, for the matter of that. There are some sweets dear to the literary Little Maries of old and young alike; among them MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY and THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD. Thank you, Mr. Richards; our boys had better save up their pence and take care of the Boys' Classics. The same publisher sends me another good work, the first volume of THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING (The World's Classics, cloth 1s. net), without—thank goodness!—an introduction. Classics can well be left to take care of themselves. I note with pleasure that many of the volumes in this capital series have run into several editions, which shows that book-buyers know a good thing when they are offered it. Indeed, the lover of good literature to-day may well look back on the Victorian era as dark days, when good books were dear and cheap books were nasty. Nowadays we can fill a shelf for a handful of silver with delightful reading for many and many an hour. Messrs. Treherne make me angry by sending me a volume with a label pasted on the title-page, to remove which makes an unsightly scar. This almost equals in iniquity the evil habit, gradually dying out, pursued by some publishers of stamping "Presentation Copy" and so forth across the title-page. What good ends are achieved by these practices I cannot conceive. After all, a critic is a man and a brother, and likes his books unmutated. But then critics are born to be kicked when they dare to censure and to be ignored when they see their way to praise. Apart from this matter, I am grateful to Messrs. Treherne for a neatly printed, neatly bound reprint of Walt Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS (The Vagabond's Library, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net). At least the cloth edition is neat; of the leather I have not had a view. Again, alas, poor critic! But why not complete? I am glad that the editor realises that he has "taken the liberty of separating and throwing aside those portions of 'Leaves of Grass' which seem to me either ridiculous or tiresome." It is to my mind an unpardonable liberty. Only employ a sufficient number of editors to each reprint, and publishers would save themselves all risks—for there would be no text left in many cases. Whitman wished to say somewhat and to say his say in his own way. We may not desire to read him, but, for heaven's sake, let an author be judged by his works, without portions of them having been thrown aside by enterprising editors. A selection is one affair, a cutting down because the editor considers portions of a work "ridiculous or tiresome" is another—and a bad matter. Mr. Alexander Moring, of the De La More Press, must be written down as a bookman's benefactor, not the least of his benefactions being The King's Classics (1s. net each volume), in which I am glad to have CUPID AND PSYCHE AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS, the translation being Adlington's. Charming bound and



printed. Then, lastly, the second volume of *THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE* (The English Library, Grant Richards, 8s. 6d. net). I spoke highly of Vol. I. last week, I need therefore only say that the second is worthy of the first.

### Forthcoming Books, etc.

"Horace," "Virgil," and "Thucydides" are the first volumes of a new series of examination papers which is being issued under the general editorship of Mr. T. C. Weatherhead, M.A., Senior Assistant Master at Elstree School. The first-named book has been prepared by the general editor, while the other two have been edited by Mr. W. G. Coast, B.A., and the Rev. T. Nicklin, M.A., respectively. The series has been prepared with a view to providing masters, tutors and private students with test papers in translation, grammatical questions, &c., on each of the authors generally read at schools and universities. —A new work on Dante is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled "The Epic of the Middle Ages." It professes to give a simple account of the "Divina Commedia" for those who are not familiar with Dante's great work.—Dr. J. Holland Rose has in preparation a collected edition of his essays and articles on the period 1795-1820, which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Bell, under the title of "Napoleonic Studies."—The Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A., author of "Bedside Readings," is publishing a new volume of sermons for family, social, and private reading, entitled "Short Sermons," which will be issued immediately by Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham & Co., Ltd.—"Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness" is the title of a new work by Professor Wolf von Schierbrand which Messrs G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue immediately. The volume is furnished with maps and an index.—"The Modern Obstacle," by Alice D. Miller, will be published next week by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The growing interest in psychic phenomena has been already attested by Mr. Edward T. Bennett's popular "History of the Psychical Society," of which the success has encouraged its author to the production of a new work on kindred subjects, equally well calculated to attract the general reader. This volume is to be issued immediately by Mr. Brimley Johnson, and will be entitled "Twenty Years of Psychical Research, 1882-1901." It deals once more with the investigations conducted by the Society, but they are here treated in a different manner and illustrated by different evidence, to which latter three chapters are entirely devoted.—Mr. Brimley Johnson has ready for immediate publication a volume of verse entitled "Devices and Desires," by a new writer, Dr. P. H. Lulham.—The next number of "Dana" will contain: "The Policy of the Irish Party," Stephen Gwynn, "Sunday in July," poetry, Professor Dowden, "The Possibility of a Thought Revival in Ireland," Hon. W. Gibson, "Moods and Memories—IV," George Moore, "The Facts of Church-building in Ireland," F. Hugh O'Donnell, "On Going to Church," John Eglinton, &c.

## New Books Received

### Theological and Biblical

Grenfell, D.Litt. (B. P.), and Hunt, D.Litt. (A. S.), translated and edited by, *New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus*.....(Frowde) net 1/0  
Stade, D.D. (Bernhard), and Schwalli, Ph.D. (Friedrich), *The Books of Kings*.....(Nutt) 18m.

### Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Courtney (W. L.), *The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck*.....(Richards) net 3/6  
Gore-Booth (Eva), *The One and the Many*.....(Longmans) net 2/6  
Duval (Denis), *Back Numbers*.....(Drane) 1/0  
Hughes-Games (Stephen), *Thelks and Other Poems*.....(Longmans) net 3/6  
Nicklin (J. A.), *Secret Nights*.....(Nutt) net 2/6  
The Epic of the Middle Ages, by a Lover of Dante.....(Stock) 2/6  
Yeats (W. B.), *The Tables of the Law*.....(Elkin Mathews) net 1/0 and 2/6  
Moore (Evelyn), *The Fortune Seeker*.....(Elkin Mathews) net 1/0

### Art

Harry Furness at Home, by Himself.....(Unwin) net 16/0  
The Royal Academy from Reynolds to Millais, the Record of a Century.....("The Studio") net 5/0  
Lawford (Katharine F.), *Stories of the Early Italian Masters*.....(Sunday School Association) net 1/6

### History and Biography

Thompson, D.D. (The Rev. Canon), *The History and Antiquities of St. Saviour's, Southwark*.....(Ash & Co.) net 5/0  
Weir, B.D. (T. H.), *The Shaikhs of Morocco*.....(Morton)  
Acton, LL.D. (The late Lord), planned by, edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A., *The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. VIII.: The French Revolution*.....(Cambridge Press) net 16/0

### Travel and Topography

Crosfield (Gulielma), *Two Sunny Winters in California*.....(Headley) net 2/6  
Robinson (E. Kay), *In the King's County*.....(Isbister) 6/0

### Educational

Warriner (John), *Handbook on the Art of Teaching as applied to Music*.....(Trinity College, London) 2/6  
Roberts (Rawdon), *Preliminary Geometry*.....(Blackie) 1/0  
King, M.A. (J.), *The School Manager's Handbook, 1904-1905*.....(Arnold) 1/6  
Register of Teachers for Secondary Schools.....(Sonnenschein) net 2/0  
Thimm (C. A.), *Dutch Self-taught*.....(Marlborough) 2/0 and 2/6  
Lexis, Ph.D. (W.), translated by G. J. Tanson, Ph.D., *History and Organisation of Public Education in the German Empire*.....(Asher) net 3/6  
Postgate (J. P.), edited by, *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*.....(Bell) net 9/0

### Miscellaneous

Craigie (Mrs.), *The Science of Life*.....(Burns & Oates) net 2/0  
Annual Register for the Year 1903 (New Series).....(Longmans) 18/0  
Thomas (Ralph), *Swimming*.....(Sampson Low) net 10/6  
Davies (Mary), *The Housewife's What's What*.....(Unwin) 6/0  
Browne (Colonel E. C.), *National Service*.....(MacLehose)  
Sandwith (M.), from the German of Baron E. von der Bruggen.....(Digby, Long) 6/0  
Low (A. Maurice), *Protection in the United States*.....(P. S. King) net 3/6  
Dawson (W. Harbutt), *Protection in Germany*.....(P. S. King) net 3/6  
Chomley (C. H.), *Protection in Canada and Australasia*.....(P. S. King) net 3/6  
Turner (A. T.), *A New Morality*.....(Richards) 2/0  
Putnam, Litt.D. (G. H.), *The Fiscal Question in the United States*.....(P. S. King) net 0/6  
Harris (S. H.), *The National Unionist*.....(Chapman & Hall) net 1/0  
May (Thomas), *Warrington's Roman Remains*.....(Warrington: Mackie) net 5/0  
The Licensing Bill, 1904: Article No. 10.....(York: Delittle Fenwick) 0/1  
The Collector, Vol. II.....(Cox) net 10/6  
Fothergill (Gerald), *A List of Emigrant Ministers to America, 1690-1811*.....(Stock) 7/6  
Ely, Ph. Dd., LL.D. (B. T.), and Wicker, Ph.D. (G. R.), *Elementary Principles of Economics*.....(Macmillan) net 4/6  
The Jewish Literary Annual, 1904.....(Jewish Literary Societies) 1/0  
Miles (Rustace), *Let's Play the Game*.....(Gulibert Pitman) net 1/0  
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.....(Cambridge, Mass.: The Association)  
Caillaux (J.), *The Fiscal Question in France*.....(P. S. King) net 0/6

### Fiction

"The Reverend Jack," by Naunton Covertide (Drane), 6/0; "A Thing of Shreds and Patches" (White), 3/6; "A Modern Exodus," by Violet Guttenberg (Greening), 6/0; "A Flash of the Will," by Winifred Stanley (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "The Stolen Submarine," by George Griffith (White), 6/0; "A Specialist in Crime," by George D. Bolton (Richards), 3/6; "A Weaver of Webs," by John Oxenham (Methuen), 6/0; "Sister Anne," by John Strange Winter (White), 1/0; "High Noon," by Alice Brown (Nash), 6/0; "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Rival Millionaires," by Lewin Fitzhamon (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "The Vicar's Mistake," by H. Hargreaves (Stock), 6/0; "The Honourable Bill," by Fox Russell (Arrow-smith), 6/0; "Brother Francis," by Darley Dale (Everett), 6/0; "The Views of Christopher," with a Preface by Coulson Kernahan (Elkin Mathews), net 2/0; "The Herbs of Medea," by Theophila North (Elkin Mathews), net 2/6.

### Reprints and New Editions

Macmillan: "The Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by the late Alfred Ainger, 2 vols., each net 4/0; "Travels in London," &c., by W. M. Thackeray, 3/6.  
Richards: "The Works of Sir Thomas Browne," Vol. II., edited by Charles Sayle, net 8/6; "The Wealth of Nations," Vol. II., by Adam Smith, net 1/0; "The Poetical Works of Robert Browning," Vol. I., net 1/0.  
Trohene: "Leaves of Grass (Selected)," by Walt Whitman, net 1/6 and 2/6.  
Isbister: "Noctes Ambrosianae," by John Wilson (Christopher North), net 3/6.

### Sixpenny Reprints

Cassell: "The Ship of Stars," by A. T. Quiller-Couch.  
Arrowsmith: "The Tinted Venus," by F. Anstey.

### Periodicals

"North American Review," "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Photo Miniature," "The Girl's Realm," "Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War," "Pall Mall Magazine," "Alpine Journal," "Economic Journal," "Printseller and Collector," "The Journalist," "The Royal," "Literary News," "The Kokka" (with Catalogue).

### Foreign

#### Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Vivien (Renée), *Les Kitharodes, traduction nouvelle avec le texte grec* (Paris: Lemerre) 31.50

### Miscellaneous

Peyron (Bernardinus), *Codices Italici*.....(Taurini: Carolus Clausen) 18 lire  
de Frenzi (Giulio), *Candidati All' Immortalità*.....(Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli) 4 lire  
Bérard (Victor), *La Révolte de l'Asie*.....(Paris: Colin) 4f.  
Mansilla (Lucio V.), *Mis Memorias, Infancia-Adolescencia*.....(Paris: Garnier Hermanos)

### Periodicals

"Petermann's Mitteilungen."

## Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

## XVII.—On Vexations

THE other day I read of a recluse who had carved on the oak mantelpiece of his library this sentence: "I am an old man now: I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened."

There is strangeness, yet more truth than strangeness, in that confession. We are not told that all the trouble never happened, but that most of it never happened. The meaning, beyond doubt, is that no matter how tragic actual events may be, they are rare, in comparison with those distressing states of mind and soul which occur daily, which form the perpetual moral atmosphere of certain individuals, which are called matters of temperament by the unimaginative, which are known by spiritual and all other doctors of experience to be for ever incurable.

A well-known modern French critic has just said that the difference between the drama of England and the drama of other nations lies in the great fact that the Anglo-Saxon public wish to hear whether Edwin marries Angelina, while Europeans elsewhere wish to know the moral effects of the marrying, or the not marrying, on the souls of the symbolic pair. What, in truth, does Edwin really think and feel? What, in the silence of her heart, does Angelina brood over or rejoice at? What, to sum up, were the troubles that never happened? Mr. Pinero, among dramatists who are obliged to consider the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon playgoers, has tried his utmost to bring psychology—which is to the play what the soul is to the body—into his serious works: he has tried to tell more than the bald facts and clipped dialogue of a situation: he has sought for the eternal lyrical note under the feeble *patois*: he has endeavoured to give, not a verbatim conversation between some wretched pair on a particular afternoon, but to compose the scene between the broken-hearted of all times. Such aims are high: a little group, in many centuries, against the whole world, have succeeded in hitting artistic perfection, but a man who has the courage to take even a wisp of psychological truth into the small parlour of a London theatrical manager is a man who is by no means unconscious that he is writing rather to satisfy his own sense than to impress those who cast respectful glances toward the agents of trick-wrestlers and prodigious children. It is wrong to maintain, however, that the English mind is not given to introspection or the analysis of moral crises. It analyses without method and without impartiality, but it is shrewd enough to be fully sentient of its own misery or its own satisfaction: it seems to say to itself what a plain-speaking invalid once said to his expert physicians: "I don't know what you call pain or what I have got, but it hurts me to move and I cannot live. That ends it," and so speaking, he met death as a merciful deliverance from agony and the specialists. "I don't know what I have got"—is a variation on that poignant slang of onlookers—"He doesn't know what has struck him." The worst is that the observer himself is too often in the dark also: if he knew what had "struck" the sufferer, he might be more sympathetic, less vulgarly inquisitive: less brittle as a friend: more

profound as a philosopher: infinitely more civilised as a human being.

One striking illustration of the ill-breeding of the average Anglo-Saxon attitude toward psychology has been curiously displayed in a number of the criticisms, professional and otherwise, passed on a recent production of Mr. Gilbert Murray's superb translation of the *Hippolytus*. When the wrath of a goddess, rather than a supper at a fashionable restaurant, is offered as the real cause of a tragic love, humanity should feel gratitude for the magnificence of such a defence. The squalor of the usual flirtation is immediately relieved; and we have the dignity of an afflicted soul as opposed to the humiliation of the fowls of the poultry-yard. Humanity has responded for several centuries to the truth of Euripides, but the manner of the moment in England is in favour of tittering. One must titter: one must try, somehow, to be modern: one must compare Phædra and Hippolytus with quite nice people we have met who on the one hand have never heard of Aphrodite, and, on the other, cannot imagine an over-mastering instinct for chastity: one takes one's self—not other persons—seriously: one must finish as one begins—one must titter. If this tittering arose from an untameable sense of humour, one might forgive it while one deplored its inappropriate manifestation; but humour cries till it laughs—it never titters. Tittering comes from the want of self-confidence, or mere flippancy: most often, however, from want of self-confidence, a nervousness.

If indeed the supper at the expensive or at the cheap eating-house were all—(and let the supper stand for the whole domestic *tracas*)—the titter is a noble effort to smile kindly at the contemptible. But the supper is not all: the wrath of the god or the goddess is forever present. Mr. Gilbert, in his "Fairy's Dilemma," calls them Rosebud and Alcohol: he, as a genial satirist, shows them at work, driving a brave man to play the brutal clown and a sensitive woman to pirouette, in anguish, for the mob—a touch or two more and Mr. Gilbert's comedy would be painful. And it is not always Venus who is offended; Juno may be injured: Neptune takes his revenge: Jupiter and Mars are fierce in their resentments: there are so many gods and goddesses to appease. And they are ever moving and making, now intensifying, and now soothing, the troubles that never happened—the events which, happening, are remembered as dreams.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

[Copyright 1904 by Mrs. CRAIGIE in the United States of America.]

## Egommet

I HAVE cause of quarrel with Mr. James Boswell, who in his *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* did frequently render himself absurd by his jeers at that charming man, Oliver Goldsmith. I use the adjective charming deliberately, for to me Goldsmith has ever been charming both in himself and in his work. To my taste there is no more charming verse or prose than that of the man whom so many of his contemporaries loved and so few, if any, appraised at his proper value. It angers me to find a wine-bibbing dunderhead such as Boswell sneering at Goldsmith, the greatest man of them all with the possible exception of that other Irishman Burke. Here is a phrase of



Boswell which at once and entirely shows his attitude of mind to Goldsmith; he is describing the dinner he gave at the Mitre Tavern to Johnson, Goldsmith and some others, and he writes, "Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to *shine*!" Dear me, poor Bozzy, who never shone when alive and shines now with reflected lustre, who was he to understand that of the two doctors he knew he worshipped the lesser man?

How Goldsmith loved to poke fun at Johnson! Who forgets that sonorous account which the latter gave of his famous interview with his King?—"Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa"; he was polite enough not to be moved to laughter and to hide the intense amusement the scene must have provided him. But at last "he sprung from the sofa, . . . and in a kind of flutter, . . . exclaimed, 'Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'" Did no one there relish this delightful piece of chaff? Garrick seems to have been the only other member of the Johnson circle who ever dared to chaff the big chief, but his fun and Goldsmith's were of different orders and they probably did not appreciate each other duly.

How sweetly Goldsmith could talk solemn nonsense—Irishmen still love to do so for the pleasant entertainment of being taken seriously—witness this speech: "Let me tell you" (said Goldsmith), "when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.'" Need it be added that Johnson received the remark with pompous solemnity and that Boswell took it as he took all things—seriously? And that delicious story about the pickles, which will not bear cutting down—a solemn argument of Johnson's reduced to—pickles! But I must be just to Bozzy, who is once constrained to admit that "Goldsmith . . . was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself." Even then! What greater praise could the heart of wit desire? Then follows the immortal repartee, "If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." Even Bozzy could appreciate that. But think of Johnson accepting in all seriousness Goldsmith's jesting remark, "he always gets the better when he argues alone."

AND, please, all you in search of entertainment read Bozzy's account of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's "singular character." Here are some delicious morsels, "He had sagacity enough" (!) "to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model"; "His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil"; "No deep root could be struck," and—in fairness I quote it—"It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated"; yes, Mr. Bozzy, grossly exaggerated by you among others. One gem more, his deportment was "that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman." Then follow the egregious tales of the Misses Horneck and of the *Fantoccini*.

As far as I can gather Bozzy started by admiring Goldsmith, looking up to him—toady as he was—as a

famous man-of-letters; but as time went on he grew to dislike him because he was near the throne, to despise him because he could not understand him and to detest him because he dared to chaff his majesty, King Johnson. Poor Bozzy, perhaps I ought not to be angered with him, but to pity him, he who knew Goldsmith and did not realise that the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was a far greater writer and a far more sweet-natured man than that roaring despot Dr. Johnson. There are certain writers to know whose works contents me, of others I love to read the biographies, but there are a few whom I should have loved to have known, Shakespeare, Addison, Steele, a few more—and Goldsmith is of their company. I do not think I should have misunderstood his solemn nonsense, have failed to delight in the sly chaff; I am sure I should have sympathised with him, I should have loved him—I do love him.

E. G. O.

## The Work of Herbert Spencer

### V.—The Unknowable (I)

**I**N the preceding papers I have tried to clear the ground by defining the basal conceptions with which Spencer set out to build a philosophic system. We know what such familiar terms as religion, philosophy and science meant to him, and we have also seen instances of the tolerant—or "philosophic"—spirit in which he set to work. We are therefore—unless I have grossly mishandled my subject—in a position to understand the first section of the synthetic philosophy, which deals with the unknowable.

Spencer was not primarily an ontologist. His philosophy, designed to deal with phenomena, was not at first intended to include any *ultimate* considerations. The section upon the unknowable was not included as a basis for the rest of the philosophy, which, as a unification of our phenomenal knowledge, is independent of any statement of an ontological position, just as is the law of gravitation. But it was very wisely pointed out to Spencer that, in the absence of any statement as to his *ultimate* beliefs, misconception would arise. It would naturally be supposed that he imagined his description of phenomena to be a description of reality. He would, indeed, be accused of being a materialist. The section upon the unknowable was therefore included, in the very natural expectation that it would remove all misconception and leave him free to develop his philosophy of phenomena without let or hindrance from the ontologists. This, however, was an entire miscalculation. Despite the unequivocal assertions of this section and their frequent repetition and amplification elsewhere—as in the "Principles of Psychology"—the academic opponents of Spencer have never stickled at misrepresentations which cannot possibly be explained without an assumption of either wilful misinterpretation or sheer stupidity. In his article "Metaphysics," written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" but the other day, Professor Case, of Oxford, classes Spencer under the heading "Materialistic tendencies" and demonstrates to his own satisfaction that Spencer was a materialist without knowing it, though no reader of First Principles could possibly avoid—or, one would think, could possibly forget—that fine saying about "A mode of Being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mere mechanical motion." I offer no explanation



of this remarkable feat of Professor Case; but this is not because there is none to offer.

It is a curious but perfectly intelligible fact that the opponents of Spencer, when they have attempted to refute him, have confined themselves to this small section of his work—a section upon which the validity of the synthetic philosophy does not and obviously cannot depend. Amongst scientists, of course, he has no opponents, except upon details in different spheres of expert knowledge. The great mass of his work is concerned with a unification of science—this last word being used in the wide and only defensible sense. But this is obviously outside the sphere of writers such as T. H. Green, James Ward, Case and Caird. The Oxford school has had to confine itself to that small section of the synthetic philosophy with which its limitations enabled it in any manner to deal. Such writers could not attack the "Principles of Biology," to take an instance, for reasons too obvious to name. The fact that the idea of evolution is essentially independent of the section upon the Unknowable explains a circumstance which is at first sight difficult to interpret—the fact, namely, that Principal Caird, for instance, whilst scorning what he regards as the basis of the evolution philosophy—the first section—can yet issue volume after volume with the word evolution in its title and as its guiding idea. Even the Oxford school is compelled to accept the Spencerian conceptions—but fancies itself absolved from the necessity of making acknowledgment, because it fancies that it has already disposed of this thinker by its criticisms upon a small section of his philosophy which, however, is demonstrably non-essential to the validity of the rest.

But though the order of phenomena—the body of science, that is to say—is capable of study and unification, whatever our theory of Ultimate Reality may be, or, indeed, in the absence of any theory as to Reality, yet all thinking persons admit that this question as to Ultimate Reality is supreme and of infinitely greater importance than any question whatsoever with which science deals. The mind of man can never rest content even with the most perfect and complete knowledge of phenomena alone. We may therefore inquire into this first section of the synthetic philosophy and see whether it has any light for us, before going on to the body of the philosophy, which deals with the knowable phenomena of star and star-fish, mind and morals.

It has been said, without knowledge or any attempt to gain it, that the section on the unknowable took its origin in the fact that Spencer had to set down something about Reality, and therefore fished about in the metaphysical text-books of the time for something that would do. It sounds likely. The present article may therefore fitly conclude with a refutation of that assertion; whereafter we may proceed to look at the doctrine which Spencer actually conceived. In a letter written to his father in 1849, Spencer says, as to the "ultimate nature of things":

"My position is simply that I know nothing about it, and never can know anything about it, and must be content in my ignorance. I deny nothing and I affirm nothing, and to any one who says that the current theory is not true I say, just as I say to those who assert its truth—You have no evidence. Either alternative leaves us in inextricable difficulties. An *uncaused* deity is just as inconceivable as an *uncaused* universe. If the existence of matter from all eternity is incomprehensible, the creation of matter out of nothing is equally incomprehensible. Thus finding that either attempt to conceive the origin of things is futile, I am content to leave the question unsettled as *the insoluble mystery*."

This letter refers to a conversation of the year before, so that at the age of twenty-eight Spencer "had reached," as he says, "a quite definite form of that conviction," which he found it desirable to set forth twelve years later in "First Principles." Next week we shall see how closely he agrees with a thinker of whom the young engineer had probably never heard at that time—the immortal Spinoza.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Dramatic Notes

**M**USICAL comedy so largely holds the dramatic field to-day that it may not be out of place to examine into its merits and demerits.

Of musical entertainments at the theatre in England there have been many kinds; comic opera and burlesque both are apparently dead, musical comedy is very much alive. A musical comedy may be defined as a comic opera without a plot. Deprive the "Mikado" of its plot and it would make a first-class musical comedy and would show to what heights the latter form of piece might attain. The formula for a musical comedy is this: take a plot of no particular value or novelty and drop it half way through the first act of the piece, picking it up again five minutes before the curtain descends; provide a more or less comic character for the leading comedian, who is expected to work it up for himself, gradually eliminating all that the author has written; the tenor (or baritone) and the first lady must have two solos apiece and a duet; the secondary members of the company will have distributed among them other solos and concerted pieces and there must be a dance for the dancer.

APPARENTLY there cannot be too many cooks employed in the making of musical comedy broth; in order of importance they are: the producer, the costumier, the writers of the lyrics and the composers of the music (there are always several of each), the principal comedian and the author of the piece. There are passing fashions to be noted, such as the present rage for animal songs.

Now can any good thing come out of this form of entertainment, can a musical comedy be a work of art? At its worst it is hopelessly inane and sometimes vulgar; at its best it is only pleasing in parts. As I have said, a musical comedy is a comic opera without a plot and to a great extent without any careful character-drawing, the latter being provided—if provided at all—by the performers. So that it will be seen that if a musical comedy were given a reasonably worked-out plot it would become a comic opera, and there are a few signs of such a tendency. But as it stands, what are its merits? The "book" is usually absolute rubbish, a mere excuse for songs and comic scenes. Now, these songs are often excellent, both in words and music, quite worthy of a better setting; the lyrics are often skilful and witty and the music tuneful and clever. Further than that—chaos; the principal comedian is often most amusing, but he could be so just as well out of the piece as in it; he makes his fun and is not restrained by any sense of character or any requisites of the plot; as for the dresses, often artistic and very beautiful, they have no particular connection with musical comedy. So then it comes to this, if only the author of the book would provide a respectable

plot—it need not even be new—and would devote a little more time to the drawing of his characters—we should return to comic opera, a very delightful form of art. Song-writers we already have in plenty and competent composers. May we hope then for a comic opera some day soon?

MR. OWEN HALL has written many musical comedies, Mr. J. Hickory Wood can write skilful verse, and Madame Liza Lehmann we all know as a writer of fine songs; the three together—under the leadership of the producer, Mr. Frank Curzon, and with the assistance of Mr. Edouin, Mr. Arthur Williams and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, have written—no, contrived is the more appropriate word, “Sergeant Brue.” Mr. Hall was inspired with the funny idea of a policeman being left a fortune of £10,000 a year, conditional on his not leaving the force until he had reached the rank of inspector, a position which the Sergeant cannot hope to attain—on his merits. As usual in musical comedy the author makes no use of his central idea and the fun entirely depends upon the hard work of Mr. Edouin, who does nothing in a funny way, and of Mr. Arthur Williams, who has already worked up into a character the sketch of the jail-bird Crookie Scrubbs. Mr. Wood’s lyrics are mild. Miss Liza Lehmann’s music is very disappointing, in fact as near to commonplace as can be. I laughed once or twice, I admired the dresses—and there an end. When, oh, when will somebody—or somebodies—give us a musical comedy with a plot, a few original characters and original and tuneful music? In other words, when again shall we see and hear a good comic opera?

OWING to pressure of other work Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott are unable for the present to appear in the Stage Society’s production of Mr. Bernard Shaw’s “Caesar and Cleopatra.” The Committee of the Society has therefore decided to abandon this play for the current season. The next production of the Society will be “Where There is Nothing” by Mr. W. B. Yeats, of which there will be two matinées at the Court Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, June 27 and 28. The cast is as follows: Paul Ruttledge, E. Lyall Swete; Thomas Ruttledge, James Gelderd; Mrs. T. Ruttledge, Miss Dora Barton; Father Jerome, Harcourt Williams; Charlie Ward, Blake Adams; Johnen, Philip Tonge; Col. Lawley, Ean Macdonald; Mr. Green, A. S. Homewood; Mr. Dowler, Fewlass Llewelyn; Mr. Algie, Athol Stewart; Mr. Joyce, Lewis Casson; Tommy the Song, J. Cooke Beresford; Mollie the Scold, Miss Freda Bramleigh; Paddy Cockfight, Trent Adams; Sabina Silver, Miss Thyrza Norman; 1st Friar, Ean Macdonald; 2nd Friar, Athol Stewart; 3rd Friar, Fred Foss, junior; Aloysius, Lewis Casson; The Superior, A. E. Drinkwater; Bartley, James Gelderd; Coloman, Fewlass Llewelyn; Producer, H. Granville Barker; Stage Manager, Henry J. Harvey.

## Art Notes

### The Training of an Artist—I

**T**HE picture-galleries come and go, but art remains; and I am urged in several ways to leave the shows alone awhile. I am constantly asked what is the best education for an artist; and as I hold rather strong opinions on the subject, I put it to one or two men in a studio the other night—the result confirmed me in my beliefs; and I propose to give those

## PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,  
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.

Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

theories a place in print in the hope that they may interest others as they do interest me. I will first of all give a rough idea of artistic education in England and France; and from this I propose to give such guidance as would have saved many a youngster many a year of lost time and misplaced energy. But first a few general comments.

ENGLAND labours under one most grave and serious disadvantage in relation to art education as compared with France—she has nothing like the same enthusiasm amongst the men who have reached fame. I do not say that there is not an appalling waste of artistic enthusiasm in Paris—but that is better, a thousand times better, than indifference or aloofness. I do not say for a moment that England has not produced as fine artists as France; but I do say that France has produced a more widespread love and appreciation of art than we have—and that is a mighty factor in the production of a large and general artistic achievement.

THE English student when he speaks of art means nearly always easel-pictures—and easel-pictures alone. Then again, and it is one of the strange paradoxes of life, the French art-student does not waste his strength on academic exercises as an Englishman does—the English student, cursed with the cut-and-dried conventionalism that is the outcome of our much over-rated public school system, lacks initiative and fears ridicule, especially the ridicule of being labelled an enthusiast. An English youth must not be serious in his art, but serious at his games. The French schools teach from the cast so long as it helps towards the life—the English schools try to make the antique almost an end in itself. The French student is itching to express something—the English student thinks that when he is through the schools the ideas will come just as patients come to the qualified doctor. To hear French students talk, you would think that nothing in heaven or on earth mattered except paint. But an Englishman! well, I will give his attitude in an illustration: A friend of mine met an artist in the National Gallery; and to my friend’s stammered greeting at finding him there the artist said, apologetically: “Oh, ah yes—I’ve turned in here—it’s raining.”

I WILL sketch roughly, next week, the manner in which the art student learns to use his tools in London; we will then go abroad awhile; and having given both sides of the case the young student will find my experience and that of several others at his service—nay, it may be that some shaft may fall into the room of one of the snoring Forty Immortals in Piccadilly—nay, perhaps a Fortieth Part of Immortality may awake and suggest to the other Thirty-and-Nine that there is a school of art in England which, developed to its widest uses, might join hands with the art schools throughout the land and give London the finest art-academy in the world.

At the Swan Electric Engraving offices in Charing Cross Road is a delightful exhibition of Bookplates



reproduced by this leading firm of process-engravers, which will greatly interest collectors. There is charming work by Cameron, Gordon Craig, Floyd, Conder, Shepperson, Keith Henderson, Wertheimer, Captain Wilkinson, and that clever lady, Miss Murray, amongst several others.

## Musical Notes

**R**ICHTER has departed for Bayreuth, and therewith the German performances at Covent Garden have ended for the present season and lighter fare will be the rule until the curtain is finally rung down. This is in accordance with a tendency which has been noticeable during the last few years. The performances of the "Ring," it may be remembered, were all disposed of in this way last year, and perhaps the arrangement is not a bad one in certain respects.

MEANWHILE the decoration conferred on Richter just before his departure by the King gives appropriate expression to the general admiration with which his splendid work at Covent Garden has been followed. The sun has his spots and even Richter, it may be, has the defects of his qualities. The veteran conductor grows no younger with the flight of time, and if his sanity and strength are admirable to-day as ever, the exacting might ask, perhaps, at times for a little more fire and passion than he invariably displays in these late years. Also that lordly way which he has of "ganging his ain gait" and leaving his unhappy vocalists like Jack and Jill, to come tumbling after, while admirable doubtless from the disciplinary point of view, is not always productive of the most satisfactory results so far as the hearer is concerned.

DR. JOHNSON'S policy of trudging steadily ahead when his wife insisted on sitting by the roadside was doubtless excellently adapted to reduce that good lady to submission, but applied in the direction of grand opera, the results are sometimes less satisfactory. Still when all is said and done, Richter has given us during the past few weeks some incomparably fine performances, and it is pleasant to know that he has gone away pledged to return next year.

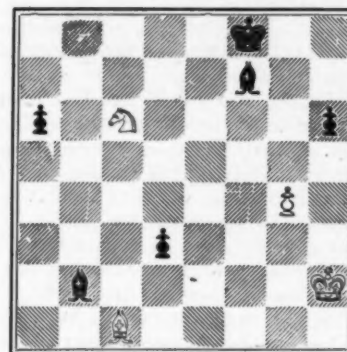
THE first of two or three novelties or quasi-novelties promised before the season ends has been introduced in Saint-Saëns' "Hélène," a work which, if not precisely epoch-making in its character, contains at least some very pleasant music of that clear, refined, delicate and graceful sort, which the veteran French composer knows so well how to write, while furnishing at the same time a series of charming scenic pictures which did no little credit to the new stage manager and his assistants.

It is an essentially French conception of the subject which is embodied in this Poème Lyrique of Saint-Saëns, who, not for the first time, has shown his literary skill by providing his own libretto, though perhaps it would be going too far to suggest that "Hélène" will last as long as, say, Gluck's "Orfeo," or Cherubini's "Medea"—both works, by the way, which Covent Garden might well revive. Still in its way it is a work admirably testifying to its composer's versatile talent, and, capitally presented as it was with Melba and Dalmores in the principal parts, it was listened to with real pleasure.

## Chess

No. 9.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE TO PLAY AND DRAW.

THE solution to No. 7 is as follows: 1. R-K 8; 2. P-R 6 R-R 8; 3. P-B 5, K-Kt 3; 4. K-Kt 2 (a), K-Kt 4; 5. B-Q B 4, Kt-K 1; 6. R-Q R 2, R-Q B 8; 7. P-R 7, Kt-B 2; 8. B-Q 5, R x P, and draws. (a) 4. P-B 6, K-K 3; 5. K-Kt 2, Kt-Q B 2, and draws.

The following is a useful counter attack in the Ruy Lopez which can often be successfully adopted owing to what at first sight seems only a transposition of moves on White's part.

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. P-K 4    | 1. P-K 4    |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | 2. Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. B-Kt 5   | 3. P-Q R 3  |
| 4. B-R 4    | 4. Kt-B 3   |
| 5. O-O      | 5. P-Q 3    |
| 6. Kt-B 3   |             |

This move is not good. White should continue with 6. P-Q 4, B-Q 2; 7. P x P, P x P; 8. Kt-B 3, B-Q 3; 9. B-K Kt 5, Kt-K 2; 10. B-Kt 3, and Black has a cramped position. The same position is often arrived at by 5. Kt-B 3, P-Q 3; 6. O-O.

- |           |             |
|-----------|-------------|
| 7. B-Kt 3 | 6. P-Q Kt 4 |
|           | 7. B-Kt 5   |

Black is now threatening Kt-Q 5 and White can only play P-K R 3 or Kt-K 2. Neither move is very satisfactory, as the following variations show.

- |                |           |
|----------------|-----------|
| (a) 8. P-K R 3 | 8. B-R 4  |
| 9. P-Kt 4      | 9. B-Kt 3 |

Black cannot here play Kt x Kt P, as it would be followed by 10. P x Kt, B x P; 11. B-Q 5, Kt-Q 5; 12. Kt x K P, B x Q; 13. B x P ch., K-K 2; 14. Kt-Q 5, mate.

- |           |              |
|-----------|--------------|
| 10. P-Q 3 | 10. Kt-Q R 4 |
|-----------|--------------|

with slightly the better position.

- |               |           |
|---------------|-----------|
| (b) 8. Kt-K 2 | 8. B x Kt |
| 9. P x B      | 9. Q-Q 2  |

with fine attacking possibilities.

### QUARTERLY COMPETITION AWARD.

The prize has been awarded to Mr. S. MEYMOTT for a finely played French defence. The score of this game appeared in a previous issue. An order for £1 ls. worth of books to be obtained of Mr. S. B. Spaul, 6 The Mall, Ealing has been forwarded to the prize-winner.

NOTICE.—The Chess column will be discontinued for the present.

### Here are the Names of some users of the Williams Typewriter:

Sir Thomas Sutherland  
Sir Richard Nicholson  
Lady Farrar  
Baron Arthur de Rothschild  
Clement Scott  
The Zoological Society  
The Hon. F. E. G. Ponsonby  
Lady Carberry  
Archbishop of Dublin  
The British Consulate, Paris  
Lady Carnarvon  
George Macdonald  
John K. Lays

If  
YOU  
live in  
or near  
any of  
the follow-  
ing places,  
why not call  
to see the ma-  
chine and obtain  
full details of our  
offer at the Wil-  
liams Typewriter  
Company's Office in

LONDON: 57 Holborn Viaduct  
ABERDEEN . . . 115 Union Street  
BELFAST . . . 71 Ann Street  
BIRMINGHAM . . . 72 Cornhill St.  
CARDIFF . . . 8 St. John's Square  
DUBLIN . . . 5 Upper Ormond Quay  
EDINBURGH . . . 19 Shandwick Place  
EXETER . . . 31 Queen Street  
GLASGOW . . . 69 Bothwell Street  
LEEDS . . . 3 Park Lane  
LEICESTER . . . 60-64 Halford Street  
MANCHESTER . . . 267 Deansgate  
NEWCASTLE . . . 21 Collingwood Street  
NOTTINGHAM . . . Prudential Buildings  
PORTSMOUTH . . . 154 Queen Street  
SOUTHAMPTON . . . 12 Portland Street

POST THIS

### INQUIRY FORM

(for a halfpenny in an open envelope)

TO THE ACADEMY TYPEWRITER DEPARTMENT  
9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.

Please send me full details of your Discount Offer of  
The "Academy" Model Williams Typewriter.

Name .....

AM4 Address .....

Occupation .....

☐ If you prefer not to deface this page, send us a post-card similarly worded  
and naming this paper.

The Sale of a very large number  
of machines at a small profit  
per machine is the secret of  
this unique offer of a

**£21 : 0 : 0 WILLIAMS  
TYPEWRITER for  
£12 : 12 : 0.**

The "Academy"  
Model is exactly the  
same machine as  
Model 2 sold by  
the Williams  
Typewriter  
Co.

for £21:0:0.  
We offer  
you a re-  
duction  
of

**40%**

Spratts, Ltd.  
Salmon & Gluckstein, Ltd.  
W. & T. Avery, Ltd.  
W. D. & H. O. Wills, Bristol  
The Motor Power Co., Ltd.  
Lyons & Co., Ltd.  
Geo. Angus & Co., Ltd.  
Henry W. Peabody & Co.  
De Dion-Bouton, Ltd.  
Panhard & Levassor, Ltd.  
Canon Blackburne  
Tom S. Wotton  
Lady Hillingdon  
Horace Cox  
Miss Olive Walford  
G. E. Farrow  
Lord Ashbourne  
F. T. Bidlake  
Sir Anthony Gibbs  
Professor G. Forbes  
Clive Holland  
Mrs. Temple  
Miss Edith Craig  
Mrs. Thimm  
Miss Bache  
The Thakore Sahib of Morvi  
His Highness The Raj Rana  
of Jhalawar

**Write to-day for full  
details of this offer**



## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference; this is not an information bureau.

### COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest, and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk.

Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

### NOTES.

#### THE COCKATRICE.

Everyone now regards the supposed "cockatrice" as a fabulous animal, but we ignore the fact that it started as a name for the crocodile; this point is somewhat obscured in the "N.E.D." partly on a question of chronology; so perhaps you will allow me to point this out. We find that about 1210 Guillaume le Normand calls the crocodile a fish named *coguetrix*; about 1250 Ric. de Fournival writes *chocatrix*; in the same year we find *cocodrille* equated with a *cocodrillus*; in 1263 we have *cocatrix* and *cockatrix*; in 1266 Brunetto Latino gives us *calcatrice*. It is suggested, perhaps correctly, that it represents the *ichneumon*; but why displace the primitive *coguetrix*? We find *cocodrille* in 1300, and Wycliffe has very clearly defined the crocodile as *cokedrille*; now in Italian it is *cocodrillo*; *crocodile* in Spanish. Clearly if we eliminate the *r*, the form *coc* must survive; and the terminal from *trechis*, Boer *trek*, merely distinguishes a fish that walks, the lizard called alligator.—A. Hall.

#### SHAKESPEARE.

The following fact is of Shakespearean, though not literary, order. The year 1604, as regards its calendar, is identical with Shakespeare's death-year, 1616. Thus a calendar, new style, of 1616, if there be one still existing, will prove to be the same as that of 1604, having, like the latter, January 1, a Friday; Easter date, April 3. Since 1616 this is only the second instance of this very rare occurrence, the first one having taken place in 1836, whereas the next will occur in 1888.—F. H. Singer (Fribourg, Switzerland).

## Questions

### LITERATURE.

BYRON-CHATEAUBRIAND.—Has it ever been investigated into, and, if so, where and by whom, whether Byron was influenced by Chateaubriand, and whether certain of his creations, as the "Giaour," "Lara," "Manfred," are adaptations of the type of "René"? Chateaubriand himself claims Byron as his follower and disciple (*Essay on English Literature*; "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe"), and French critics do the same. What English critics have written on Chateaubriand (not in magazines), either incidentally or at greater length?—E. Dick (Clacton).

#### AUTHOR WANTED.—

Many voices spake—  
The river to the lake;  
The iron-ribbed sky was talking to the sea:  
And every starry spark  
Made music to the dark.  
When the day had ended,  
And the night descended,  
I heard the sound of streamlets that I heard not in the day:  
And every peak afar  
Was ready for a star,  
And they climbed and rolled about until the morning grey.

Can any one tell me who is the author of these lines?—F. E. Ross (Liverpool).

LUXURY OF GRIEF.—Who first used the expression "the luxury of grief"?—M.E.D. (Bankipore, India).

THE FYFIELD ELM.—Is "the Fyfield elm" of Matthew Arnold's poem, "The Scholar-Gipsy," "the Fyfield tree" of its sequel "Thyrsis," to be identified with "that single elm-tree bright against the west" of the latter poem, the pledge to Arnold and Clough of the scholar-gipsy's abiding presence amid the scenes he used to haunt of old; and referred to elsewhere in "Thyrsis" as "bare on its lonely ridge," "that lone sky-pointing tree," "our tree yet crowns the hill"? The famous elm at Fyfield (Berks) does not occupy the prominent position here assigned to it, nor is it visible from the country about Cumner.—R. Bruce Beesell (Chingford).

"GAMMONIA."—What kind of book is "Gammonia," and by whom was it written? I have several times seen it advertised for in the "Wanted" column of the ACADEMY, but have been unable to obtain any information about it, though I have made inquiries from several book-lovers, several booksellers, and the head of one well-known library.—Dorilis.

"A LACED STORY."—What is the meaning of "a laced story" in the following passage from a poem called "Content," by Henry Vaughan (the Silurist)?

Why then these curl'd, puffed points,  
Or a laced story?  
Death sets all out of joint,  
And scorns their glory.

From the context it appears to be some article of dress, but none of the meanings of *story* given in the Century Dictionary will account for the use of the word in this sense.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

\* ELLENMERE.—In the preface to that edition of "Sesame and Lilies" containing three lectures is this passage: "For as Ellenmere spoke his speech on the — intervention, not, indeed, otherwise than he felt, but yet altogether for the sake of Gretchen, so I wrote the 'Lilies' to please one girl; and were it not for what I remember of her, and of few besides, I should now perhaps recast some of the sentences in the 'Lilies' in a very different tone." Who were Ellenmere and Gretchen, and what was the intervention, and why did Ruskin use a dash instead of giving the name?—F.P.

### GENERAL.

"PONY."—This is an old slang word for money; in modern slang twenty-five pounds. In Cheshire to "pony out" is a slang term for to pay. What is the derivation of the word "pony" in the sense of money? Have we here a specimen of rhyming slang? Or is it connected with the old proverbial term for ready money, *Legem pone*, for which Nares gives instances s.v., and under "Incony"? It is said to refer to the first great pay-day of the year, March 25 (Lady-day), the Latin title of the first Psalm for the 25th morning of the month being "*Legem pone*."—A.L.M. (Oxford).

\* "TANSY."—

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play,  
For sugar, cake, or wine;  
Or for a tansy let us pay,  
The loss be thine or mine;  
If thou, my dear, a winner be  
At trundling of the ball,  
The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
And my misfortunes all.

This rhyme refers to a curious custom of ball-playing in Chester Cathedral by clergy, choristers, and congregation alike. What is meant by a "tansy"? Is the custom observed at Chester at the present day?—R.N. (Sunderland).

## Answers

### SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—Messrs. Whittock & Hyde, of Upper Street, Islington, have recently published a reproduction of a panoramic map of London, Westminster, and Southwark, taken from the original in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, which is dated 1543. The price is, I believe, 10s., and the panorama is four feet long. This is the nearest in date that I know of.—H. Pearl Humphry.

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.—There is a block of a very interesting map of London by Pieter Vanden Keere, fecit 1593. This block is, I think, in the possession of the New Shakespeare Society. By the kindness of Dr. Furnivall I was allowed some copies of the reproduction of this map for a special purpose, and I have a few copies over. I should be glad to send one to your correspondent, post free, on receipt of 6d.—Caroline F. E. Spurgeon (Westleton Heath, Saxmandham).

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.—Kimbolton is a small town (pop. 1,220) in Huntingdonshire, twelve miles S.W. of the town of Huntingdon. Frodoe, in his "Divorce of Catherine of Aragon," describes the castle as "a small but not inconvenient residence." Catherine had been removed there from Somersham, near St. Ives, and had previously been detained at Buckden, near Huntingdon. She was buried at Peterborough, on the borders of Hunts and Northants. Fifty years ago (as stated in Mary Howitt's "Queens of England," 1851) the room in the castle in which the queen died was still shown.—M.A.C. (Cambridge).

### LITERATURE.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE."—"Willie Winkie" is the title of a nursery song by William Miller, weaver and poet, Camlachie, Glasgow, called by Robert Buchanan "the Laureate of the Nursery." Miller was author of "Wonderful Wean," "Gree, Bairnies, Gree," "Lady Summer," "Hairat," and other pieces well known in the West of Scotland.—Alex. Webster (Aberdeen).

\* SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH.—S.C.'s answer is not quite correct. First of all, *brace* is not the older form of *bras*, and is not derived from *L. brachium*, but from the plural *brachia*; *brachium* had regularly given *bras*, which is found in the "Chanson de Roland" and other epic poems concurrently with *brace*. As to the pronunciation of *bras*, Robert Estienne tells us that *s* at the end of a word is not sounded if the next word begins with a consonant; it sounds like *z* if the next word begins with a vowel, and "partout où l'on s'arrête—viz. before the stops and at the end of a line—which is the case here. The pronunciation was not *brasse*, but something like *brase*. Such is also the opinion of Pelletier, Beze, and other grammarians of the sixteenth century. For more details consult Charles Thurot, "La prononciation française depuis le commencement du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle."—A.B. (Manchester).

"TUSH."—This word occurs also in the Metrical Version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, circa 1562, e.g. Psalm x.: "Tush, tush, saith he, I have no dread, lest my estate should change;" "Tush, God forgetteth this, saith he, therefore I may be bold;" Psalm xciv.:

And when they take these things in hand this talk they have of thee,  
Can Jacob's God this understand? Tush, no he cannot see."

G.G. (Homerton).

\* "PIN-ROUND."—"Pin-round" was a name given in Exeter when I was a child to a certain cut of the round of beef. It is very likely so called now, but I have had no experience of it of late years. I have lived in several parts of England, and have never come across the word elsewhere. Coleridge being a Devonshire man would be likely to hear it used.—Devonia.

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to booksellers whose names follow:

Mr. W. Gammell, 35 High Street, Camden Town, N.W.  
The North of England School Furnishing Co., Ltd., Fawcett Street, Sunderland.  
Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes, 27 St. Ann's Street, Manchester.  
Messrs. Abel & Sons, 9 The Parade, Northampton.

## WANTED, FOR SALE, AND IN EXCHANGE—Continued from 2nd page of cover.

## FOR SALE.

**THE STUDIO** Special Summer No. for 1900 (water-colour); summer (Architecture), Winter, ditto (Jewellery) for 1901; Genealogical Magazine, unbound, vols. 2-3, 5-6. What offers?—**A. R. Bayley**, St. Margaret's, Malvern.

**THE DOME**, The Butterfly, The St dio, The Savoy, The Whirlwind, Phil May's Annuals, sets complete and others scarce. Offers.—**Bayne**, 36 Annette St. E., Glasgow.

**MARK TWAIN**, Edition de Luxe; Gasquet's Eve of Reformation, 1st edition.—**A. D. Brash**, County Hotel Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**SPECIAL** offer of Walter Crane's Masterpiece; Spenser's Faerie Queen, 6 volumes for £7 10s. net published at £10 15s.—**Henry F. Bumpus**, 335 High Holborn, W.O.

**SHAKESPEAREANA**.—Ohalmer's Apology and Malone's Enquiry into Shakespeare Papers, 4 vols., 1796-7, 25s.; Green's Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, 1870, 8s. 6d.—**Button**, 155 Tavistock Street, Bedford.

**CONNOISSEUR**, complete set to date, all first editions, 42s.; Hulme's Floral Designs, pub. 55s., 10s. 6d.; Pennant's British Zoology, 4 vols., 1776, 12s. 6d.; Genera of Birds, 1781, 5s.—**David Cadney**, Market Hill, Cambridge.

**DIDEROT'S** Encyclopédie ou Dictionnaire Raisonné des Arts et des Métiers, 33 vols., folio, calf, 3,129 plates. Paris, 1851.—**Combridge's Library**, 56 Church Road, Hove.

**JOHN LOCKE**.—Essay on Human Understanding, 1692, 1st edition, splendid condition. What offers?—**E. G. J. Fairnie**, 130 Belgrave Road, Oldham.

**BARGAINS**.—Balsac's Famous Novels, in English, 40 vols., new, £2 18s. 6d.; Foote's Plain Home Talk, 1902, 8s.; Catlin's American Indians, 360 plates, 2 vols., 18s. 6d. Catalogues free. Books bought.—**Holland Bros.**, Booksellers, Birmingham.

**HARDIMAN'S** Irish Minstrelsy, 2 vols., 1831, fine copy, 42s. net.—**M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.**, 50 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

**BEUCHER** and Macartney's Later Renaissance Architecture, 2 vols., folio, as new, £6 (pub. £8 8s. net); Thomas Hood's works, 10 vols., as new, 25s.; Valpy's Shakespeare, half blue morocco, gilt tops, 15 vols., £3 10s.; Emerson's Works, "Eversley Edition," 6 vols., 15s.—**Goldie**, Cliff Road, Leeds.

## FOR SALE.

**FARMER'S** Slang and its Analogues, past and present; complete in 7 vols.; 4to. uncut; pub. at £12 5s.; £7 7s.; carriage free. New catalogue shortly free.—**W. E. Geuzden**, 58 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

**YARRELL'S** British Birds, 4 vols., half-morocco, 105s., for 52s. 6d., new; Ruskin Relics, 7s. 6d.; Encyclopaedic Dictionary, best edition, 8 vols., half-morocco, 65s.; Dictionary of Needlework, 25s., best edition; Cates' Biographical Dictionary, 9s.—**Greenwood**, Bookseller, Halifax.

**NOVELS**.—Twenty-five Works of Fiction (published within the last three years), all different, for £1 1s.—**The Grosvenor Gallery Library**, 18 South Molton Street, London, W.

**SHEFFIELD'S** (Duke Buckingham), Dramatic Works, Notes, Memoir of Early Life, morocco, roy. 4to, London, Barber, 1722 front, thick vol. paper, unknown to Bibliographers. Offers?—**James Hayes**, Bookseller, Ennis.

**BUTLER'S** Hudibras with Hogarth's Plates, 2 vols., 8vo., old calf, 7s. 6d.; Pennam's, 2 vols., in 1, half calf, 1st edition, 10s.; Dombey & Son, 1st edition, half calf, 16s.—**Hiscocke & Son**, Richmond, Surrey.

**MILL'S** Logic, 2 vols., half calf (25s.), 7s.; Bain's Senses and Intellect, 2 vols. (15s.), 2s. 6d.; Muller's Science of Language, 2 vols., 8vo. (30s.), 9s.; Muller's Science of Language, smaller edition (18s.), 4s.—**E. Idie**, 21 High Street, Bloomsbury, W.O.

**NIMROD'S** Life of a Sportsman; 36 coloured plates by Aiken; 1st edition, original binding as issued; a fine copy, 1842; £30.—**George T. Jukes & Co.**, Book Merchants, Birmingham.

**MECHANICAL** World, 15 vols., bound; Temple Bar, 30 vols., bound; offers: Life of Beaconsfield, 6 vols., gilt edges, 12s. 6d., cost £3 3s.; Macmillan Magazine, 26 vols., orig. cloth, £1.—**Lloyd & Townsend**, Dillwyn Street, Swansea.

**BOOKS** for the Holidays.—Ten 6s. Novels in good condition, for 5s. 6d.—**Modern Library Co.**, 56 Oxford Road, Manchester.

**FOR SALE**; Lizar's Anatomical Plates; large edition; in good condition, minus clasps. What offers up to June 25th.—**Novellist**, 13 Victoria Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## FOR SALE.

**VIEWS** in Scotland, Ireland, Yorkshire, Sussex, Shropshire, Oxfordshire, Monmouth, Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, Devon. Can take in exchange Views in Bucks, Cornwall, Dorset, Durham, Herefordshire, Herts, Bristol, Gravesend, Hull, Scarborough, Chichester.—**Ridgway**, Gravesend.

**VICTOR HUGO'S** Works, unexpurgated edition, 28 vols., pub. £3 3s., for £1 12s. 6d.; Dickens, crown edition, 16 vols., £3 7s. 6d.; Watson's Art of the House, 6s. net, for 3s. 6d.—**Rutter & Co.**, Moorland Road, Leeds.

**ILLUSTRATED** London News, 1848-1902, incomplete set, bound, 96 vols., backs of 9 vols. slightly damaged, What offers?—**Secretary**, Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh.

**A TELEGRAPHIC** Code, very scarce, for £2; Armstrong's Turner as new, £6 6s., for £4 10s.; Byron's Works, large paper, 13 vols., complete, new, 13 guineas.—**John Smith & Son**, 19 Renfield Street, Glasgow.

**IN** Tennyson Land, by John Cuming Walters, first edition, 12 plates, bound white and gold.—**W. Summers Morris**, Bookseller, Swindon.

**ROSE**, Antiq. Repertory, 4 vols., fine copy, £3 10s.; Cox, Churches of Derbyshire, 4 vols., £2 18s.; Bate's Illustrated Travels, 6 vols., hf. pol. crim. mor. £1 5s.; Waverley Novels, Edinburgh edition, 48 vols., £9 5s.; Eliot, (G.) Scenes from Clerical Life, 1st ed. 2 vols., £2 10s.—**Thomas Thorp**, Bookseller, 100 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., and at Reading.

**HARPER'S** Monthly, Dec. 1885 to Nov. 1890, 10 vols., original cloth, as new, 19s. 6d.; Cornhill Magazine, Vols. 1 to 9, original cloth, 10s. 6d.; B.O.P., Vols. 1 and 2, new, 16s. 6d.—**J. W. Thompson**, 45 Pasture Street, Grimsby.

**MORRIS'S** History of British Birds, hand-coloured plates, 2nd edit. (Bell), 1870, 6 vols., £3 17s. 6d., as new; Morris's Nests and Eggs of British Birds, hand-coloured plates, 3 vols. (Nimmo), 1896, 37s. 6d., as new.—**Walker**, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

**BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES**.—The following have been received, and copies can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*); Mr. J. T. Goldie, Leeds (*Miscellaneous*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Religious and General*); Mr. Frank Hollings, Great Turnstile (*Rare*); Messrs. Maggs Brothers, Strand (*Autograph Letters, MSS., &c.*); Mr. Bertram Dobell, Charing Cross Road (*Rare, &c.*); Mr. Henry Gray, East Acton (*International Bulletin*); Messrs. Lawley & Co., Exhibition Road, S.W. (*General*); Mr. Hugo Helbing, Munich (*General*); Mr. James G. Commin, Exeter (*Ancient and Modern*); Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., Strand (*General*); Messrs. Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh (*General*); Messrs. Derry & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham (*Library Bulletin*).

## CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE  
**RED WHITE & BLUE**  
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST  
& AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

## ACADEMY FREE ADVERTISEMENT COUPON.

Insert attached advertisement on the conditions named, of (here say Book, Picture, &c.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)  
(Being an Annual Subscriber)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

June 25, 1904.

## NEWS NOTES

## BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

At the last monthly meeting of the Board of Directors, Mr. C. J. Longman in the chair, the sum of £101 13s. 4d. was voted for the relief of fifty-five members and widows of members; three new members were elected, and four fresh applications for membership were received.

On the same evening, a meeting of the subscribers to the Seaside Holiday Home at Eastbourne was held to consider the following resolution:—"That, in consequence of the small interest taken by the trade generally in the Seaside Holiday Home, the Committee of Management recommend that the Home at Eastbourne be relinquished on the termination of the agreement at Michaelmas next." After due consideration and several suggestions having been considered, the following resolution was passed:—"That the House Committee of the Seaside Holiday Home are quite justified in the resolution submitted to this meeting, and are hereby authorised to make arrangements to dispose of the furniture and effects before Michaelmas Day next (September 29, 1904), and render a statement of the funds of the Association as soon as may be afterwards."

It is some time since we have had to announce the opening of a new bookshop in London, but our good wishes may welcome the adventure of Mr. Walter Harrison, at the New-Book Lounge, 13 Cecil Court, who is to join the ranks this month. The neighbourhood of Cecil Court, a particularly central one, since the vanishing of Booksellers' Row, has grown familiar to all lovers of literature as the home of the second-hand bookseller. To have the favourites of the day, evanescent or classical, accessible round the corner, will be therefore an obvious boon, and Mr. Harrison has been at much pains to show his varied stock to the best advantage. The tempting word "Lounge" is very justly applied to his well-lighted premises, with their comfortable chairs and couch, their lectern, and their artistic window. The new bookshop is in every way original, convenient, and practical.



INCORPORATED

A.D. 1720

# ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Funds in Hand  
Exceed

**£5,000,000**



"ROYAL EXCHANGE LONDON"  
(HEAD OFFICE)

Claims Paid  
Exceed

**£42,000,000**

**Fire, Life, Marine, Accidents, Burglary & Employers' Liability.**

**SPECIAL TERMS TO ANNUITANTS WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.**

## **FIRE.**

Insurances granted Covering Loss or Damage by Fire at  
Moderate Rates.

## **LIFE.**

Low Premiums. Large Bonuses.  
Unimpeachable Security.

## **GENERAL ACCIDENTS.**

Personal Accident and Employers' Liability Insurances are now Granted at Moderate Rates.

Apply for full information to THE SECRETARY: HEAD OFFICE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

## **An Ideal Tonic**

# Serravallo's Tonic

(BARK AND IRON WINE)

## **19 GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS**

**Regenerates the Blood**

**Restores the Vital Force**

**Stimulates the Appetite**

**Strengthens the Nerves**

**Pleasant to the Palate**

## **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES**

This Austrian Tonic Wine is a highly concentrated strength-giving food, which furnishes to the system the elements necessary for perfect health in an easily digestible form. It is the best of all Tonics in Anaemia, Dyspepsia and all debilitated states, in convalescence from Influenza, Fevers, etc. It does not affect the teeth, nor does it disturb the stomach or constipate the bowels. For over-taxed professional men, nothing will be found more effective than **Serravallo's Tonic**.

**Sample Bottle Post Free Sixpence.**

**J. SERRAVALLO, Trieste; Agencies all over the World.**  
**British Depot: 46 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

